



No. 65.—Vol. V.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



MDLLE. JANE MAY AS MONSIEUR AND MADAME PIERROT, AT THE TIVOLI.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. The Queen arrived at Coburg for the wedding of her grandchildren, Princess Victoria Melita of Coburg and the Grand Duke of Hesse. It is eighteen years since she first visited Coburg. In 1865 she unveiled a statue of the Prince Consort there, and it is curious that the Chief Burgomaster, who welcomed her then, received her to-day on behalf of the municipality.—Another bomb has been discovered in London. An ironfounder, off Waterloo Road, was commissioned by a man, who gave the name of "Carnot," to make a bomb. "Carnot" and Polti, the man now in custody, seem to be one and the same.—"The general feeling among London brewers and distillers about the Budget," says the *Daily News*, "is one of philosophical resignation."—Replying to a deputation from the Theatres Committee of the London County Council, Mr. Asquith doubted whether the House of Commons would be prepared to transfer the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction to the Council.—Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith was entertained to dinner at the Criterion Restaurant by London Queenslanders.—Twelve thousand joiners struck work in Vienna.

Wednesday. Coburg is rapidly filling for the royal wedding. The Emperor William, his mother, and his brothers were among the arrivals to-day. In the evening there was a great family dinner at the Castle, followed by a theatrical performance, while a torchlight procession and serenade took place in front of the Castle.—Paris, in the eyes of composers, is the final court of appeal to which musical productions may be submitted, and it gave a highly favourable decision to-night in the case of Verdi's "Falstaff," which was produced at the Opéra Comique. The veteran composer was present, and received an enormous reception.—Mr. Asquith, speaking at Plymouth, extolled democracy, "full-grown, articulate, self-determining." The days were gone when we could risk the fortunes of a great community upon the accidents of heredity, or upon selfish competition of projected and jostling interests.—The Lord Mayor entertained the bankers and merchants of the Metropolis.—The Grand Habitation of the Primrose League had its annual meeting, when it was stated that the membership was increasing at the rate of over 1000 a week.—The Clematis, a steamer in ballast, was run into and sunk in thick weather by the steamer Beamish, coal laden, off Sunderland.—Mr. Charles P. Smith, secretary of the Guildhall School of Music, died this morning. To him is largely due the wonderful growth of the school, which had 62 pupils in 1880 and over 3400 last term.

Thursday. The marriage of the Grand Duke of Hesse with the Princess Victoria Melita of Coburg took place in the chapel attached to the Castle. It was a very brilliant spectacle. The service was conducted by Dr. Müller, General Superintendent of the Lutheran Church. In the afternoon the newly married pair travelled to Darmstadt.—Primrose Day saw less of the yellow flower than ever. The occasion gave Lord Salisbury an opportunity of discussing the political situation at the annual meeting of the Grand Habitation of the Primrose League. He described the Registration Bill as a piece of gerrymandering in the interest of a precarious majority, and expressed his belief that Conservative opinion was gaining ground every day in the country.—According to a *Times* summary of its recommendations, the Labour Commission holds that it would be unwise to institute any general system of industrial tribunals, but that there might be some advantage in empowering town and county councils to establish them in a tentative manner.—The miners' section of the Coal Trade Conciliation Board have unanimously adopted a resolution expressing regret for the language used by Mr. Bailey in reference to Lord Shand, and disclaiming responsibility for it, but declaring that they are determined to fight the principle of a minimum wage.

Friday. It never rains but it pours, for announcement was made at Coburg this morning of the betrothal of the Czarevitch and Princess Alix of Hesse. The German Emperor, who informed the Queen, "beamed with delight"; indeed, there seems to have been as much joyous laughter as there were copious tears yesterday. Princess Alix is the youngest sister of the Grand Duke of Hesse—who entered Darmstadt in state to-day with his bride—and her sister is married to the uncle of her betrothed.—A medallion portrait of Jenny Lind was unveiled in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, by Princess Christian. This is the first memorial to a singer that has been erected in the Abbey.—The jubilee of the Ragged School Union was celebrated.—The Horse Guards and the Royal United Service Institution have come to loggerheads. Captain Mayne, R.E., was to have read a paper on infantry drill this afternoon, when the Adjutant-General at the last moment ordered its suppression, which called forth many severe criticisms.—Lord Emly, one of the most distinguished members of the Irish resident nobility, died to-night in his ninety-second year. He was once a strong supporter of Mr. Gladstone; but Home Rule made him a staunch Unionist.—Mr. W. T. Stead, addressing the ladies of the ballet at Olympia at a tea meeting, must have made them quite proud of their calling. He advised them to form a Christian Church among themselves.—An International Food Exhibition was opened at Vienna.

Saturday. Sir Henry Loch arrived at Plymouth from the Cape this morning, being welcomed on board the Hawarden Castle by the Mayor and Corporation of the town, who presented him with an address. Interviewed later in the day, he said nothing could be more satisfactory than the way things were adjusting themselves in Matabeleland. The natives had been settling down to their kraals for some time

past, and everything looked very promising.—Chingford was the scene of a "bomb" scare. A cylindrical vessel of zinc and a glass tube were found in the station this morning. On examination, it was found that the "bomb" contained nothing but sand, while the tube was filled with turpentine.—Dr. Martineau, the veteran Unitarian, entered his ninetieth year.—An ugly agrarian outrage is reported from Glenlara, County Cork, where an emergency man on one of Lord Cork's evicted farms was brutally murdered by two armed men.—The Queen and the other members of the royal families now assembled at Coburg were photographed this morning at the Edinburgh Palace by several London photographers. The Queen afterwards granted an audience to Lieut.-Colonel Von dem Kneesebeck, the commander of the Queen of England Dragoon Guards, and conferred on him the Companionship of the Order of the Bath (Military Division). The party has already broken up.—The Prince of Wales has been made an honorary member of the St. John's Lodge of Freemasons of Gotha.—A brilliant equestrian entertainment, representing the triumphal entry of the Empress Elizabeth Christina (the mother of Maria Theresa) into Vienna in 1713, was given by members of the imperial family and the nobility, for charitable purposes, in the Austrian capital to-day.

Sunday. "Carnot" has been arrested—not, of course, the distinguished statesman of that name, but a would-be over-thrower of statesmen, who was at first believed to be one and the same person as Polti, the Italian Anarchist now in custody. He was arrested at Stratford at two o'clock this morning, the success of the police being due, it is said, to the information given as to his identity, habits, and whereabouts by Polti.—For the first time on a Sunday, the Guildhall Art Gallery was opened to-day. So great was the crowd at times that the doors had to be closed, and many of the visitors patiently waited nearly an hour to obtain admission.—Dr. Warre, the Head Master of Eton, has arranged to open the College Museum to the students every Sunday afternoon between four and six.—Mr. George Bernard Shaw delivered a very witty address on "Theatrical Criticism" at the Playgoers' Club. He advocated cheaper seats as necessary to create a theatre-going public in this country, and in his own peculiar way showed how the Press was "corrupted"—chiefly by free tickets and advertisements in newspapers.—An impressive service was held in Notre Dame Cathedral, when a "Te Deum" was sung in thanksgiving for the introduction of the cause of the beatification of Joan of Arc.

Monday. Greece has been visited by another of those earthquakes which caused so much damage in Zante last year. The province of Larissa seems to have been the centre of the disturbances. In Calchis a number of houses fell in, five persons being killed. At Thebes fifty houses fell in, and at Athens the wall of the north wing of the royal palace was cracked. In Phocis 129 persons have been killed. In all, nearly 300 people have lost their lives.—This being St. George's Day, a dinner was given at the Mansion House to meet representatives of the Colonies and India. The revival of the Society of St. George seems to have been attended with much success. The membership is growing daily.—Carnot, the arrested Anarchist, was brought up at Bow Street to-day and remanded.—Cholera has broken out at Lisbon.—Thirty-five communes in Sardinia have been invaded by locusts.—Jabez Balfour has managed to get a medical certificate, by which he has been transferred from prison at Salta to a private house.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—MR. TREE,
Sole Lessee and Manager.
To-night, WEDNESDAY, April 25, at 8 o'clock, will be produced a Four-act Play of modern life (founded on Octave Feuillet's "Montjoye"), called
A BUNCH OF VIOLETS,
By Sydney Grundy.
Mr. Tree, Messrs. Lionel Brough, Nutcombe Gould, G. W. Anson, Holman Clark, Hallard, Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss Audrey Ford, and Mrs. Tree.
Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 5, or by letter or telegram.—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

LYCEUM.—FAUST.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.
Mephistopheles ... Mr. IRVING.
Faust ... Mr. WM. TERRISS.
Martha ... Miss M. A. VICTOR.
Margaret ... Miss ELLEN TERRY.
MATINEES.—FAUST.—MR. IRVING begs to announce FIVE MORNING PERFORMANCES OF FAUST, at 2 o'clock, SATURDAYS, May 5, 12, 19, and 26, and THURSDAY, May 31. On the mornings of May 5, 12, and 19 the part of Margaret will be played by Miss Millward, and on the mornings of May 26 and 31 by Miss Ellen Terry, the Lyceum Theatre being closed on these two evenings. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 till 5, and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

EMPIRE.—TO-NIGHT, Two Grand Ballets. KATRINA, at 7.50, and the Up-to-Date Ballet, **THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME, at 10.30,** by Mr. George Edwardes, arranged by Madame Katti Lanner, music by Monsieur Leopold Wenzel and Mr. Ernest Ford, supported by Mdlle. Brambilla, Signor Vincenti, and Signorina Cavallazzi. Grand Varieties: Vanoni, the Avolo Boys, the Three Judges, Charles Tilbury, Marie Lloyd, Paul Cinquevalli, Cliff Ryland, Ducreux and Giralduc, Clara Wieland. Doors open 7.30. TO-NIGHT, at 9.30, an entirely new series of LIVING PICTURES. Another Empire success.

CONSTANTINOPLE. OLYMPIA.
TWICE DAILY, at 12 noon and 6 p.m. SUPERB PROGRAMME.
Once within OLYMPIA
Olympia's portals, OLYMPIA
all its brightness, OLYMPIA
pleasure, beauty, OLYMPIA
all too lovely OLYMPIA
to describe! OLYMPIA
It must be seen! OLYMPIA
Bolosoy Kiralfy's OLYMPIA
Wonderful OLYMPIA
Masterpiece. OLYMPIA
Teeming with OLYMPIA
exquisite delight OLYMPIA
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Open at 12 noon and 6 p.m. Grand Spectacle, 2.30 and 8.30.
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SOME OF THE FOLK IN "THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE."

From Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.



MAIRE BRUIN (MISS WINIFRED FRASER).

*"A little queer old woman, cloaked in green,
... came to beg a porringer of milk."*



A FAIRY CHILD (MISS DOROTHY PAGET).

"Oh, what a nice, smooth floor to dance upon!"



*"... I can lead you, newly married bride,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and godly and grave."*



*"Come away!
I hear my brethren bidding us away."*

A Splendid Sixpennyworth.

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Edited by Sir WILLIAM INGRAM, Bart., and CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

—*—

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THE FORTHCOMING AMATEUR ART EXHIBITION.

Pastels by John Russell, R.A.

SARAH MARIA ELLIOTT.

AFTERWARDS WIFE OF DR. HUGH PEARSON, DEAN OF SALISBURY.

Cosways, Woods, Englehearts, &c., and some Battersea enamels. There is also a collection of memorials of George III., lent by Mr. Aucher Taylor, comprising his writing-table, inkstand, and penknife, collar of the Bath belonging to the Duke of York, and collar of the Guelphic Order worn by George IV.

Among strictly modern work of both amateur and a few professional artists, there are sketches by the Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice of Battenberg, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, also a good many pastels by Mr. Edward Taylor, Mrs. Earnshaw, Mrs. Adrian Hope (*née* Laura Trowbridge), Miss Margaret Orde, Countess Feodore Gleichen, and the Duchess of Buckingham, who also sends a collection of water-colours to illustrate her forthcoming book, "Glimpses of Four Continents." There are crayon



ELIZABETH,

FOURTH LADY TEMPLETON.

The Annual Amateur Art Exhibition will be held this year at the Imperial Institute. It will be opened by the Duchess of Albany on May 2, and remain open until the 5th. The leading feature of the exhibition this year is a loan collection of Russell's pastels. John Russell, R.A., lived from 1745 to 1806, and was a native of Guildford. He was a pupil of Cotes, and began exhibiting at the Royal Academy in 1769, and exhibited there till his death, having sometimes twenty-two pictures in one year on its walls. He became an A.R.A. in 1772, in which year he published his pamphlet on crayon painting. He became R.A. and painter to King George III. in 1789. During his long life he had many vicissitudes, which can be traced by means of a diary which he kept, which gives us the clue to the dates and names of many of his portraits. Considering the perishable nature of pastel, a wonderful number remain, and about one hundred will be shown at the exhibition. Besides the loan exhibition of Russell's work, there are some beautiful miniatures, lent by various people, principally Dr. Probert, who sends a case of them, selected from his famous collection, some exquisite



THOMAS AND WILLIAM, SONS OF JOHN RUSSELL, R.A.

Tonbridge, managed by Miss Heath. The Wimbledon Art College for Ladies sends stained glass, embroidery, busts, &c. The Connemara Basket Industry sends specimens, and Mrs. Rawnsley, of Keswick, is well to the front with her boys' beautiful brass work. Mr. Ashbee, of Essex House, Mile-End Road, sends iron work made by the boys of Miss Bromby's formerly well-known school in Bethnal Green, now incorporated into the Guild of Handicrafts, which sends sixty objects in gold, silver, brass, and copper, as well as iron and leather work.

It is impossible to notice everything, but Vernis Martin, marqueterie, inlaid work and lovely leather work will be found in abundance, quaint jewellery and enamels, and embroidery of every sort. Much credit is due to the Hon. Mrs. Stuart Wortley, who has organised it all as secretary, with the help of Lady Elizabeth Cust and Mrs. Maxwell Lyte. The Hon. Mrs. Lowther has kindly allowed committee meetings to be held at her house, which originally gave its name to the exhibition. And last, but not least, we should mention Dr. G. C. Williamson, of Guildford, who has collected and catalogued the Russell collection.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM HARVEY, OF ROLLS COURT, ESSEX.

drawings by Miss Marion Gemmell, one specially artistic one of Lady Newtown-Butler, pencil drawings by the Marchioness of Granby, and one of Miss Margot Tennant. This leads us to speak of the screen of small pictures collected by Mrs. Maxwell Lyte from her friends, many of whom are not "amateur" at all, but very distinguished professional artists, such as Miss Clara Montalba, Mr. Herbert Marshall, Mr. Medlycott, and Miss Rose Barton, who most kindly give their drawings to be sold exclusively to help the three charities on whose behalf the exhibition is held. These three charities are the Parochial Mission Women, the East London Nursing Society, and the East-End Mothers' Home.

The remainder of the exhibition is given up to artistic work of various kinds. Mrs. Hope Morley's boys send neat carving from the school at Leigh, near



MISS JANE DEWAR, AFTERWARDS MRS. J. OLIVER JONES

"ARMS AND THE MAN," AT THE AVENUE.

"*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*," is a line that one of Mr. Shaw's characters paraphrases in speaking of the mad cavalry charge by which the battle of Slivnitsa was won, and the idea underlying the phrase will serve in speaking of "Arms and the Man." Of course, it is an evasion, not a criticism. The work, then, is infinitely amusing, but hardly a play. It is a mixture of wild, psychological farce, of burlesque on melodrama, of bitterly humorous diatribes against war, of fine strokes of a slightly Gilbertian wit, and foolish, stale jesting about questions of personal cleanliness. Why, if Mr. Shaw thought the ancient joke about the lady who got a sore throat because she washed her neck worth a place, he did not give the rarer, perhaps older, Spanish chestnut, "Why should I wash my hands if I do not wash my feet?" one cannot guess. If these jokes about the habits of the Bulgarians were cut, the mixture would be entirely palatable.

Of course, the critics were all puzzled, so, too, the audience: first they laughed at Mr. Shaw, then with him, and finally both at and with him simultaneously. The idea that Mr. Shaw, like Baron Ritzner von Jung of Poe's tale, was attempting a "mystification" soon got about, and was rendered complex by a doubt whether, to some extent, the author was not a victim of his own joke and himself uncertain when he was jesting and when in earnest. No doubt, there were real efforts at character-drawing in Major Saranoff, and yet there was a comic hit at the Holmes-Zangwill theory of multiple identity. Moreover, when he got on the war topic G. B. S. was perilously serious, and risked the play by uncomplimentary remarks about our soldiers. Still, it leads to grim humours, as in the Swiss officer's account of a cavalry charge, with one "hero" in front, nearly "pulling his horse's head off," and elsewhere, too, in the professional soldier's purely commercial traveller's view of military matters, such as his observation that young soldiers fill their haversacks with ammunition, old ones with "grub." He was, doubtless, very hard upon the really brave conquerors of the Servians, and his play might almost be called "another Bulgarian atrocity"; nor does he give any local flavour to his characters, unless, indeed, the subjects of Prince Ferdinand are so lucky as to have a decided strain of the G. B. S. blood in them.

It is impossible to get away from the fact that it was vastly entertaining, and that, even if one laughed derisively at times, one felt also hearty admiration for the immense cleverness and audacity of the writer. Like his Major Saranoff, the daring author has won his battle by neglecting the rules of his art, or rather, perhaps, by ignoring rules of which he does not know much, and I am as little disposed as the Bulgarians to complain of the victory. I have not for a long time laughed so heartily, and, consequently, I feel far more grateful to Mr. Shaw for his play than he will feel to me for my notice. However, as his soldier says, "gratitude is near akin to hate," and I wish to run no risk of incurring the hatred of such a dangerous man as Mr. Shaw. The acting is very clever in most cases, and notably the charming Miss Alma Murray, who has played truant to our stage too long, and Messrs. Yorke Stephens and Bernard Gould were successful in their work.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

A timid young critic, at the representation, on Thursday, of "Charming Mrs. Gaythorne," ventured to ask an elder brother of the craft "Who is Mr. Charles Smith Cheltnam?" and was told, crushingly, "The author of 'Edendale' and 'A Lesson in Love.'" Thereupon he collapsed. Now, I am well aware that those two works were very successful in days not long gone by; consequently, the reception and quality of Mr. Cheltnam's new-born work furnished matter for reflection. Probably, if played twenty years ago, "Charming Mrs. Gaythorne" would have been quite a success in the hands of a competent company, and yet on Thursday the Criterion audience was contemptuous. The playing had much to do with the scorn, for some of the players were comically inept; but no quality of acting would have satisfied the house.

Partly, the trouble came from the "asides": we have not got rid of them yet—perhaps, never shall—but when they are long, and occur during a face-to-face conversation between two people, the effect is disastrous. Even the explanatory soliloquy lingers among us, yet in comedies of high life it cannot safely be used to communicate substantial parts of the previous facts to the audience. However, it was the reckless defiance of probabilities that told most heavily against the piece, while the social solecisms also grievously affected it. There seems really no need to go deeply into the matter, since the play is unlikely to be seen again in London, so I may conclude by simply saying that "Charming Mrs. Gaythorne" showed usefully what an advance in technique has occurred during the life of Mr. Cheltnam. Looking at the performance, he might retort that it showed a falling-off in acting, but the reply would be unjust, since half the company was utterly amateurish.

It was not merely the prospect of getting a programme printed on satin that tempted me to go to Daly's for the one hundredth performance of "Twelfth Night," but curiosity to see if I could guess the cause of success. Of course, such a phrase sounds rude, but the fact that Mr. Daly has had the longest run on record of a work that proved a comparative non-success at the Lyceum seems to require some explanation. I have none to offer. That people should go to see it

because Miss Rehan plays Viola is no answer to the question, since she has taken part in several failures lately at the theatre. That the scenery, charming as it is, surpassed that of the Lyceum in beauty is not to be pretended, and certainly, setting the two companies against one another, the balance, though small, would be on the English side. To suggest that it is due to Mr. Henry Widmer, to the lavish, almost constant, use of pretty music, seems a sad flout for play and players, yet it appears not unlikely that here is the cause.

Does it matter what is the cause when the effect is that we see Miss Rehan as Viola? Surely anything is good that gives one the pleasure of seeing the great actress in a delightful part. One may prefer her Rosalind; but probably the preference is for the part, not the performance. Hers is not the only charming work. Miss Violet Vanbrugh is a delightful Olivia, Miss Catherine Lewis, albeit a little extravagant, is full of humour as Maria, the Sir Toby of Mr. James Lewis and Sir Andrew of Mr. H. Gresham seem even cleverer on second sight than at first, and the Orsino of Mr. John Craig improves on better acquaintance. Still, Miss Rehan is more than half the battle, and to miss her Viola will be a great loss to negligent playgoers.

It is a splendid chance for empty phrases. One is tempted to avoid criticism of "Faust" and the acting, by spinning words about the tour in America and the wonderful welcome home again. It is so easy to talk of the great heart of the people which has gone out to our leading actor, and to express gratification that America, which failed to understand "L'Enfant Prodigue," and looks upon "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as a *succès de scandale*, has poured its dollars into Mr. Irving's treasury. Canada, too, one may say, has been lavish. The stage mounting also will serve as a convenient and not wholly irrelevant matter.

Why, with all this to depend upon, a critic should speak of vital matters, feeling certain, moreover, that his opinions are of the minority, one cannot guess. Yet, somehow, the instinct to speak the truth when it is inconvenient—true badge of a critic—is too strong for successful resistance. It is the custom to pretend that irreverence is a quality of youth; nevertheless, it is the younger critics who protest the loudest against the mutilation of masterpieces. Now, Mr. Wills's "Faust" has one merit—it leads one to re-read Goethe's, and then ingratitude plays promptly a part. Since the "first night" I have gone through the work, purposely choosing a translation—John Anster's—for it would, in any event, be unjust to blame the adapter for the inevitable loss in "throwing the bundle over the river," which is the Aramaic phrase for translating. The result certainly is saddening: the more one loves the original the less one likes the adaptation—there is the complete criticism in a phrase.

As a reporter, I am bound to record that the public was delighted by the revival. The work of the players and those who designed and arranged the wonderful stage pictures certainly deserved warm applause. Mr. Irving was at his best, Miss Ellen Terry at hers, and Mr. William Terriss, I was assured, "excelled himself," which did not seem an astounding performance. Miss M. A. Victor acted with virtuous restraint as Martha, and Mr. Julius Knight, the Valentine, though the flavour of Drury Lane still clings to him, still played effectively. Perhaps we, who have the highest opinion of Mr. Irving, are disappointed that "Faust" has been chosen for revival; and even if we admit that it will be a great success, we are hardly consoled.

Miss M. A. Victor, the new Martha at the Lyceum, is one of our stage veterans. She comes of an old theatrical family, and has acted

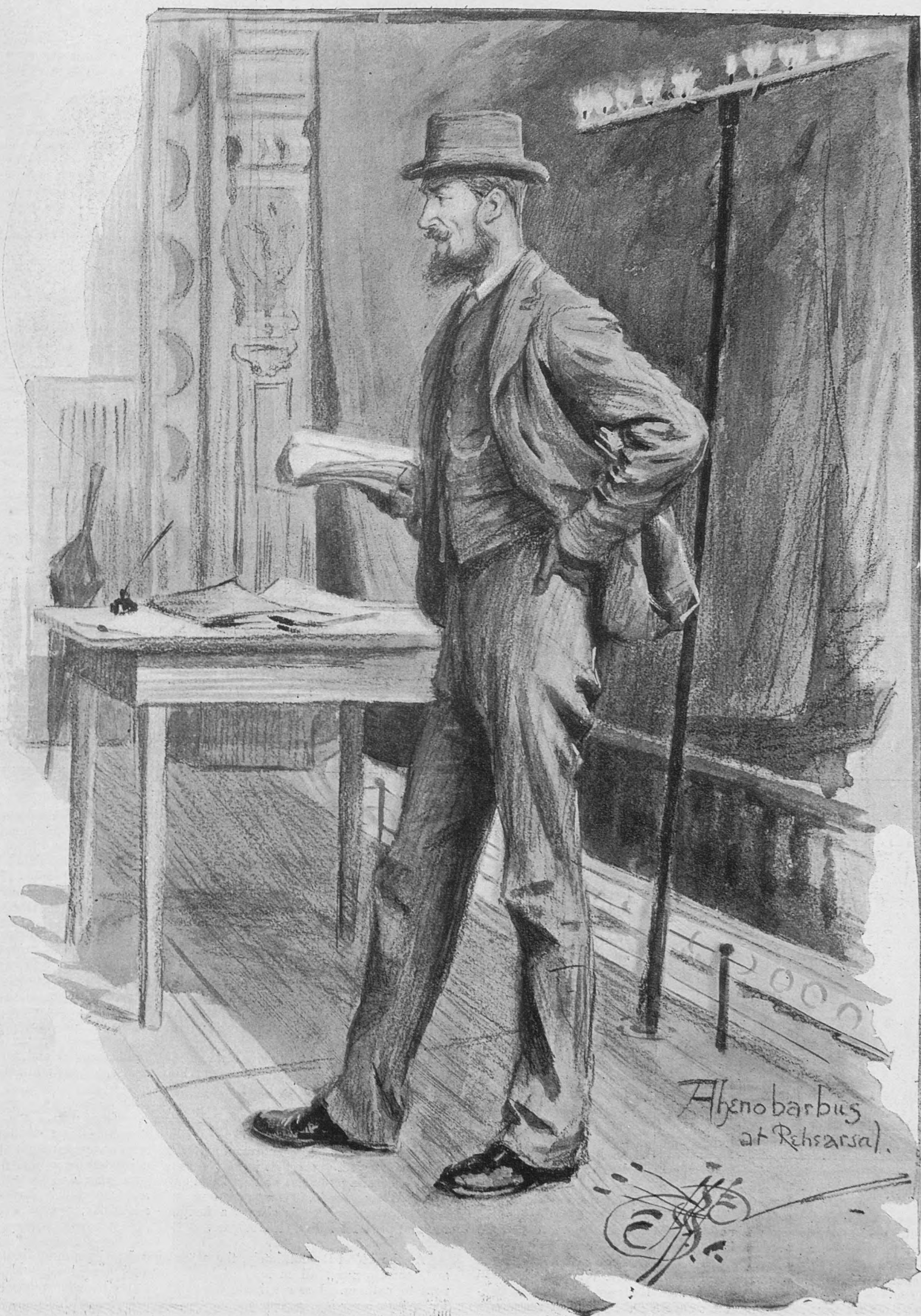


Photo by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Baker Street, W.
MISS VICTOR.

with Macready, Phelps, Kean, and Helen Faucit. She has appeared in many plays and in many play-houses. Thirty years ago she was at the Strand Theatre, where H. J. Byron was burlesquing "The Lady of Lyons," which has, however, quite outlived all travesties on it. Under the Conquests, Miss Victor—it was a curious combination of names—was long a favourite at the Grecian Theatre. Subsequently she was at Drury Lane, the Comedy, the Globe, and at Terry's, at the last of which her most notable appearance was as Mrs. Gilfillan in "Sweet Lavender." She was the Mrs. Hardcastle in the Criterion revival of "She Stoops to Conquer," four years ago, and later she appeared in Parry's "Incognita"

and in "Miss Decima." Her experience has been varied in a way that falls to the lot of scarcely any of the younger school of actresses, and in a certain sort of parts Miss Victor has few equals.

MONOCLE.



MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW AT THE REHEARSAL OF HIS PLAY AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

DRAWN BY J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE (BERNARD GOULD).

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I am told the very valuable sporting library got together by the late Mr. H. B. Bromhead is to be sold by auction, although one or two big offers have been received from sporting clubs for the books in bulk. Very few sporting writers have anything like a complete library. I am sorry to say my own is weak in many particulars, although I am sufficiently well stocked to be able to compile no end of biographies, &c. It is when we come to deal with ancient sporting history that many of us have to resort to the British Museum Reading Room.

I am very glad to hear that all the racing clubs have increased in membership this year. Sandown Park is, as a matter of course, always full up; Kempton, too, has a very long list; Hurst Park is growing by leaps and bounds; and even Gatwick and Lingfield are making headway. If the metropolitan race companies would only enter into a common "pool," whereby one big subscription covered the lot, I am sure all the meetings within hailing distance of London would do well.

Lord Alington is of opinion that Matchbox will carry all before him for the classic races, and I believe his Lordship and Sir F. Johnstone have a good bet about the colt for the Derby. On the other hand, I hear that Mr. John Porter fancies Bullingdon will beat his stable companion wherever they finish. It must, however, be borne in mind that the stable made a bad mistake over the St. Leger, in which La Flèche beat Orme. I know the stable followers thought the latter could not be beaten, but he was, and that badly, too.

Raeburn has been struck out of the Jubilee Stakes—I expect, because the horse is likely to win more valuable races later on. Comedy is still the street-corner tip for the Kempton event, and Skirpenbeck has of late been heavily backed in the Continental lists. Of course, the victory of Grey Leg at Epsom calls attention to the chances of Mrs. Butterwick for the Jubilee, and it is now more than evident that the meeting of Grey Leg's trial horse with Delphos will tell us what chance the Duke of Westminster's grey would have had for the Derby had he only been entered.

There will be an aristocratic gathering at Chester for the race meeting next week, and the improvements made on the course will be much appreciated. The Duke of Westminster takes an active interest in the meeting, which can now be said to be a big success. Mr. Mainwaring, the assistant handicapper to the Jockey Club, works hard for Chester, and I am glad to see such good entries for the forthcoming fixture. If Son of a Gun wins the cup, it will be gratifying all round, as John Porter has run some good horses at Chester, and the Master of Kingsclere is highly thought of by his leading patron, the Duke of Westminster.

There are so many members of the Ford family that we generally term the subject of our sketch Mr. W. Ford, jun., in order that he may



Photo by A. W. Cox, Nottingham.

MR. W. FORD, JUN.

be easily distinguished from his respected father, whom all men honour as "Judge" Ford. There is a large family, all hailing from Nottingham, and Mr. W. Ford, jun., is no exception. He was born in Nottingham, and there educated, after which he commenced assisting his father—he is the eldest son—in the onerous duties performed in connection with such an exacting meeting as Lincoln. But as time proceeded the son went to some extent "on his own" (as the music-hall bard would put it), and is now known to fame as the partner of Mr. J. H. Smith, and as an official at Hurst Park, Nottingham, Lincoln, Hamilton Park, and other places.

During the indisposition of his father, which has been more frequent than his many admirers care to notice, Mr. W. Ford, jun., occupies the judicial box, and has earned golden opinions from all sorts of owners by the speed and accuracy with which he returns the winners and the distances by which they have gained the fiat. Mr. W. Ford, jun., will have an official position in connection with the new Birmingham racecourse, and his courteous bearing, keen eye for the details of racecourse management, and general suavity of disposition render him a most valuable acquisition to any venture of the kind now being promoted in the vicinity of the great Midland centre.

Mr. James Henry Smith, who, as before mentioned, is joint Clerk of the Course with Mr. Willie Ford at Hurst Park, is a sporting journalist whose contributions in the *Sporting Times*, over the signature of "Jim the Penman," are read far and wide, as he is always up to date with items of personal gossip not to be found elsewhere.

Mr. Smith graduated on the staff of the *Sportsman*, first as a cricket reporter, then as a racing reporter, and finally he held the reins as "Vigilant." Mr. Smith has a host of friends and relatives among racegoers, and he is in a telling position in the matter of getting entries. He also acts as one of the Clerks of the Course at Leicester—a meeting that should in time command plenty of patronage. Mr. Smith, unfortunately, suffers from periodical attacks of rheumatism, which necessitate his resorting to the foreign waters for relief. When fit and well he was a capital cricketer, and always did good service for the Press in their annual match against the jockeys. He was, too, one of the best amateur billiard-players to be found in journalistic circles. Mr. Smith is a judge of racing and racehorses, and when it fell to his lot to describe the races for the sporting papers he could generally spot the winner through his glasses before the judge had been reached.



Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

MR. J. H. SMITH.

Here is a funny racing story. A young gentleman who is very well known on the Turf has a rich father, who has a great aversion to the racecourse. But the young hopeful manages to attend the metropolitan meetings on the plea that he is travelling for the firm. However, such fixtures as Manchester and Doncaster and Liverpool require a deal of finessing, so the youthful sport arranges to "spend three or four days at Brighton." He has to write to his father each night, and he does so by the aid of a Brighton friend, to whom he forwards a missive for every day that he is racing in the north, and this is, of course, posted to reach his father the following morning. This little scheme has, I understand, been worked several times with the greatest success.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The Concours Hippique has been as popular as ever this year; every afternoon sees "Tout Paris" flocking show-wards, the toilettes of the female portion of the assembly on these occasions setting the subsequent fashions of the year for good and all.

A very disagreeable incident occurred one day, in which an English groom, in the service of Mr. Darlington Simpson, was most unjustly treated. Trying to force his way through the crowd, who refused to make way, the groom, riding Golden Crescent, began to get impatient, and threatened a particularly obstructive man with a leathern strap. This man forthwith produced a whip, and began cracking it in the faces of the bystanders, who at once laid all the blame on the English groom, and punching him and the mare, yelled, "*A bas l'Anglais! A la porte!*" The groom immediately dismounted, and asked the authorities to protect him, when, to his surprise, he was told not to ride, and to retire from the building altogether.

Another incident was intensely amusing. One man—not an Englishman, I am thankful to say—was in a dreadful fright when his turn came to jump his horse over the hurdles, which were anything but terrible, and, just as the first jump was being negotiated, he gave vent to a blood-curdling scream, and galloped out of the ring as hard as he could. How proud his countrymen must have felt of him! Madame Hucher, whose success is always a foregone conclusion, won, as usual, the first prize for ladies, on Houlgate.

At the Hôtel Drouot, lately, the attendance has been most limited, and, consequently, all manner of lovely articles have been sold for next to nothing. I saw a beautiful panel of the Boucher school go for a little over £3, a fine picture by Michel realised only sixteen shillings, a massive toilette service in silver went for £84, a clock in buhl marqueterie and gilded bronze fetched the ridiculously small sum of £37 10s.



MDLLE. JANE MAY AT THE TIVOLI.

Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

I walked through the half-lighted Tivoli, which, in honour of the darkness, had put on a kind of night wear of white sheets. I didn't recognise Mdlle. Jane May at first. No wonder; last time I saw her



she was Pierrot—the fascinating hero of “L'Enfant Prodigue”—a dainty boy, all white, looking like a Sèvres *biscuit* figure, and here was a pretty little woman in a travelling dress and big hat.

“Do you speak English?” I inquired.

“Oh, yes, some English. Do you know, it's my ambition—yes, I know it is Madame Bernhardt's also—to play a part in English in London, not Lady Macbeth, nor necessarily in light comedy. I have created parts in serious drama, such as ‘Martyre.’”

“Speaking of ‘L'Enfant Prodigue’ and your new *monomime*, I have often been asked whether the dialogue is written out in full. I have always said ‘Yes.’ Was I right?”

“Quite right; it's written out just like an ordinary play—jokes, puns, and all. It's a little difficult, you know, to give effect to the puns by mere gestures. I repeat my part all the time to myself. It's rather hard at first to avoid moving the lips. It's curious how you English understand all the French conventional gestures, such as when one touches the eye in order to say—what you've the phrase ‘It's all my eye’; or when one fillips the front teeth with the thumb to suggest that ‘You won't get anything out of me,’ or the ‘*pied de nez*.’”

“Mademoiselle,” I answered, “there are two lines in the ‘Ingoldsby Legends’ that answer your *pied de nez*—

The sacristan, too, he said no word to indicate a doubt,
But put his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out.

Possibly I misquote them. Most of what you call the conventional gestures are used by the deaf and dumb of both nations. I remember, in the days when I studied French at the Bal Bullier and other Academic resorts, seeing at the Hôtel St. Malo—once, perhaps still, the home of many young English and American artists—a very able American sculptor, deaf and dumb, poor fellow, who told me that, except the gesture of twiddling the fingers of the right hand over the open palm of the left to express money, the French and American dumb-show gestures are practically identical.”

“Did you really learn French at the Bullier, and where is the Hôtel St. Malo?”

“Mademoiselle, believe me, I studied French and the French thoroughly at the Bullier, to say nothing of the Elysée-Montmartre. The Hôtel St. Malo is on the Boulevard Montparnasse. Pelletier, the proprietor, has a good collection of pictures, including some Dudley

Hardys and Birkenruths. There are some sketches, too, of merit at Robinet's, over the way. By-the-by, a *poulet à la Robinet* is a splendid dish. But how did you get the courage to venture into a London music-hall?”

“Well, you see, Judic has appeared at the Eldorado, and others of us honoured the French halls, though I have not, so I thought I'd set an example and try the English. Why not? Everything is charming here, and one can be artistic anywhere. Oh, yes; I'm horribly nervous. I always am before a ‘first night.’ I'm quite ill eight days in advance. Oh, I'm not afraid of the audience, except those right at the sides, who can't see and may be impatient. However, I shall play as close to the footlights as I can. The critics will call it bad art? Let them. I want the people to see me.”

“I understand you are going to burlesque Bernhardt; will she like that?”

“I don't suppose she cares, and I don't. I have done it in Paris at the Variétés and Trocadéro with great success: the people shrieked with laughter. You remember me before ‘L'Enfant Prodigue’? Yes; I came over eight years ago to the Royalty. I was the first to play ‘Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie’ in London. I've acted in ‘Niniche’ and ‘Divorçons,’ and lots of others.”

“Politeness and discretion will cause you to say you love the English—yes, of course, you say it's true—but do you find them colder or warmer as audiences than the French?”

“Oh, well, I don't see how the French could be warmer than the English are. I like life in London, too. The cooking? Well, I haven't tried much of it—I stay at a French house; if I dine out people generally give me French dinners. But you haven't asked me about the Théâtre Libre and Ibsen—I thought all interviewers did that.”

“I had forgotten that I was interviewing—thought I was only having a chat very pleasant to me. Do you ride a bicycle?”

“I haven't tried yet, but I want to get one for my husband and myself—what is your song?—‘A bicycle built for two.’”

“If you sing another bar I'll give you several bad notices. So when you've a day off you go to the theatre, and prefer watching others acting to acting yourself? It seems a queer taste, though I've heard of dramatic critics who go to the theatre without being paid.”



“But I haven't told you about the Théâtre Libre and Ibsen, and not even about Diderot's ‘Paradoxe sur le Comédien.’”

“Mademoiselle,” I answered, “you will have other people to interview you, and they will ask those questions, and be proud to get from you opinions not already in print.”

“Will you excuse me, Monsieur Sketch? I see they have been waiting a long time for me to begin my rehearsal. Yes, it's a good orchestra, and will do justice to M. Bert's music, and everything is very comfortable.”

MDLLE. MAY AS MONSIEUR AND MADAME PIERROT.

From Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



SMALL TALK.

A marriage of two royal personages, which has only just been notified, appears to have taken place at Stuttgart on April 5. Prince John of Saxony was the bridegroom, and Princess Maria Isabella of Würtemberg was the bride. The former is the second son of Prince George, Duke of Saxony, the only brother of the King of Saxony. His father is heir-presumptive to the kingdom of Saxony, and a Field-Marshal in the



Photo by Otto Mayer, Dresden.

PRINCE JOHN OF SAXONY.

German army since 1888. His mother was the Infanta Maria Anna, daughter of King Ferdinand of Portugal. Prince John was born July 10, 1869, and has one elder brother and two sisters, and two younger brothers. The royal house of Saxony is one of the oldest reigning families in Europe. Germany received from it an emperor as long ago as the beginning of the tenth century. The royal family is of the Roman Catholic faith, while the great majority of the Saxons are Protestants. The King of Saxony completes this year the twenty-first year of his reign. He will, in all probability, be one of the visitors to Ems at the same time as the King of Sweden, in June. After a brief honeymoon, Prince and Princess John of Saxony were cordially welcomed by the inhabitants of Dresden, who had gaily decorated the town in honour of the newly married pair. A grand banquet was also given in the evening, as a further proof of the civic goodwill extended to the royal couple. Very little attention has been given to the wedding, which was conducted in quiet fashion, the affair being overshadowed by the event which is to unite the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's daughter with the Grand Duke of Hesse. It is interesting to note that a sprig of myrtle grown at Osborne was placed in the centre of Princess Victoria Melita's bridal bouquet. The plant from which it was taken was grown from the sprig of myrtle carried in the Empress Frederick's bouquet on her wedding-day. Rumours of other royal weddings in the near future are being contradicted as fast as they are circulated. According to many correspondents, who, apparently, have good reason for ranking as prophets, the Czarevitch is about to be betrothed to Princess Alix of Hesse. Prince Charles of Hohenzollern's wedding with Princess Josephine of Belgium is appointed to take place in Brussels on May 22. It will not be a very imposing ceremony, as the guests are to be strictly limited, but they will probably include the Queen of Saxony, the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, and the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. There will be a ball, attended by the Belgian Royal Family, given on May Day, and there are many other functions, including a dance at the Grand Harmonie. Already the match-makers are beginning to talk of the betrothal of the youthful Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, who, by-the-way, is only fourteen years old.

Before quitting Florence the Queen distributed a number of presents among the Florentine officials. A large assortment of objects of "bigotry and virtue" was specially despatched from England for this purpose, as the "gratifications" to the higher officials on these occasions always takes the form of a jewel or a snuff-box. The presents of a royal personage on a visit to a foreign country are regulated strictly by precedent, the value varying according to the position of the donor, and the sum that has on some occasions, to be expended amounts to a small fortune.

When the Emperor Nicholas of Russia came over to stay with the Queen and Prince Albert in 1844, he, on leaving, distributed £2000 among the servants at Windsor Castle, gave the housekeeper a diamond necklace worth £1000, and sent to different charities a sum of £2800. In addition to this, each of the six lords-in-waiting during his visit received a gold snuff-box set with diamonds, the grooms and equerries similar boxes in silver, while a small jeweller's shop of rings, watches, pins, and brooches was distributed among the minor officials. Altogether, the largesse of the Emperor cannot have come to less than £8000—a pretty big "tip" for a fortnight's visit. The King of the Netherlands, when he came over to attend the wedding of the Duke of Albany, is said to have given presents on his departure amounting to as much as £5000.

Lord Rosebery is to proceed to Windsor on a visit to the Queen at the end of the week, and a Council will be held at the Castle, probably on Monday. The Queen is to be in town from Thursday, May 3 (when her Majesty will arrive at Buckingham Palace in time for luncheon), until Saturday, May 5. The Drawing Room on Friday, May 4, is expected to be very largely attended, and there will probably be a great crowd. The Queen has given special orders that the new rules are to be rigorously enforced, and that no infringement of them is to be allowed upon any pretence whatever.

On the day of the Queen's return to Windsor, Lady Southampton succeeds Jane Lady Churchill as lady-in-waiting to her Majesty. Lady Churchill has been in waiting for more than five weeks, and her next turn does not come until the end of August, when she will go to Osborne just before the Court removes to Balmoral for the autumn.

The little Queen of Holland and the Queen Regent leave the Hague next week to pass a few weeks at Loo, the royal château near Apeldoorn, which is famous throughout Holland for its beautiful gardens. Later on, the Queen Regent is going to visit her relatives at Arolsen.



Photo by Angerer, Vienna.

PRINCESS MARIA ISABELLA.

Mr. John Nevil Maskelyne, the wizard of Piccadilly, who has written a book which will probably be read by everyone except those whom it would especially benefit—the card-sharper's victims—may be added to the list of men who have risen to great heights from small beginnings, since few will deny that Mr. Maskelyne is the premier conjurer of the age. He started life as an apprentice to a Cheltenham watchmaker, and it was while doctoring delicate timepieces that he imbibed a knowledge of mechanism, which has since proved of great service to him in his special calling. He was twenty-six years of age when he exposed the notorious Davenport Brothers by showing up their rope-tying operations, and since then he has detected the tricks of many impostors, one of the chief of whom was Slade, who made a great number of people believe that he could cause "spirits" to write on a slate which he held in his hand.

Fortune-telling on the most unscientific and romantic lines has always been a favourite occupation with the thriftless and inconsequent. But its present pretensions to first-cousinship with psychology and other impalpable profundities have raised the practice to a minor fine art. Recently the Duc de La Rochefoucauld thought his name was being pledged too extensively by a certain prophetess, named Madame Mongruel, who passed off on her clients an autograph letter of the late Duke, eulogising this lady's inspired delivery concerning all and sundry of the future as that of the present Duke, which she averred he had given her. News of this free use of his name reached the Duke, and his agents were instructed to warn the sorceress off such debateable use of his influence. But the game seemed to Madame worth the candle, and the testimonial was still used to exorcise the doubts and hesitations of wavering dupes. An action was accordingly begun, and some amusing disclosures looked for, but I hear from Paris that within the past few days Monsieur le Duc has thought better of it, and, no doubt, having Mongruel's promise of keeping nearer that inconvenient quantity called truth, has decided to withdraw his action and leave the prophetess in peace to forge drafts on a visionary future which the confiding will still delight to honour.

Imagine a real ice rink at this time of the year. That has been the fortunate experience of Parisians, for a brilliant soirée was held at the Palais de Glace, in the Champs-Élysées, a fortnight ago. It naturally attracted a very large number of skaters and spectators. The spectacular programme consisted of a ballet, called "La Fée des Glaces," which began half an hour after midnight, and ended by a great distribution of flowers, mirlitons, crécelles, sweets, amusing bibelots, and cups of champagne. The ballet had been arranged by Madame Mariquita, and was danced by Mesdames de Laboumskaya, Jeanne Lamothe, Irma de Montigny (as the Fairy), Marianne Dueroquet (as Olga), the instructors, MM. Kurten, Léo, Harris; Mesdames Madeleine Dueroquet, Lucie de Saint-Genis, De Mourey, Hubner, Marcelle Lignac, &c., and all the male skating teachers of the palace, dressed in picturesque Russian costumes. The dances were lighted by multi-coloured electric lights, which, falling on the purest of pure white ice pavement, had a magic effect, chiefly when the Fairy's skate skirt-dance took place.

Cinquevalli, the accomplished juggler—I beg pardon, equilibrist—has just proved that he has business capacity in addition to his many other gifts. All London has been admiring his latest feat with billiard balls. He throws them up in the air, and they fall into numerous pockets fixed over his dress, one of them being right on his back. Now, of course, all the leaders of any branch of the profession are eagerly watched by would-be imitators; so the astute Cinquevalli has protected and registered his pockets, and now no one can use them. This is, naturally, very disappointing at a time when I was seriously thinking of cutting him out. It all looks so very simple. On the stage, when you throw up a ball, hat, umbrella, or portmanteau, they always seem to fall quite naturally into your open hand. After this registration business, I am seriously handicapped, for it is at pocketing things that I am most adept. Cinquevalli was originally an acrobat; but an accident on a high trapeze drove him to fresh business and "postures new," as poor Fred Leslie used to say. He has been marvellously successful, and may, I think, claim to be without a rival in his particular work. His taste in costume is a great improvement on that of his brother and sister artists.



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GONTRAN'S TRIUMPH.

A provincial melodrama supplies us with the latest novelty in realism. To be quite up-to-date the authors have fixed the *locale* of their "big scene" in a crematorium. Here the sister of the hero is chloroformed by the villain, and laid on the slab preparatory to being shot off into the furnace. All this takes place under the very eyes of her horror-stricken brother, who is, meanwhile, bound and placed on the other side of the iron gate of the chapel. Of course, the poor woman is not cremated alive (as a matter of fact, she is stabbed by the villain in the last act), for, just as the machinery is being set in motion, one of those useful comic personages who always in melodrama befriend the virtuous characters breaks through the chapel window, and releases from his bonds the brother, who is thereby enabled at the critical moment to save his sister from being reduced to ashes. The whole notion seems to have been worked out with some ingenuity, though, to my mind, elaborate staging would be necessary to make it properly effective.

It has been discovered and made known by some prying journalist that Sir William Harcourt's Budget speech was read out, word for word, from voluminous type-written pages. This, if unusual in Parliamentary annals, is by no means a new departure in the experience of Sir William. For a long time he has been in the habit of reading his speeches, but he uses so many and such subtle subterfuges that he generally contrives to escape detection. I have frequently seen him at a public banquet arrange a whole sheaf of papers behind some edifice of flowers or fruit, and turn over the pages with an art worthy of a higher object. Every gesture of his declamation is regulated to the exigencies of this habit, and leads an observer to reflect how great a success might have fallen to Sir William if he had chosen to qualify as a conjurer. Some of his cleverest "hits," which have an extempore air about them, are really the result of much cogitation.

Aldershot military circles were very excited on the 14th concerning the Divisional Point-to-Point Races, one of the stewards of which was

married a man to save him from himself by giving him herself—a disastrous exchange. However, in the last piece, "Black Sheep," M. André Raffalovich, determined, no doubt, to be understood for once, dispensed with speech and gave us a charming Pierrot pantomime, which the expressive physiognomy and gestures of Mlle. Victoire Prével and the able acting of Miss Jenoure made doubly pleasing. The music was by Mr. Cotsford Dick, and to say this is to speak volumes to all those who are acquainted with his work. The most agreeable recollection of the afternoon, undoubtedly, was the re-appearance of Miss Jenoure, an actress whose charming voice, clever dancing, and expressive mimicry have been too long absent from the London stage.

Venice has not often been more thoroughly *en fête* since the good old days of the Middle Ages and thoroughgoing pageantry than it was during the brilliant reception of the Kaiser and suite by King Humbert. The scene of almost passionate enthusiasm which greeted Wilhelm II. as the Moltke steamed into Venice gave life and ardour to the charming panorama of life and colour around. The Emperor looked very pleased and happy as he stood on the bridge responding, with erect carriage and military salute, to the deep-voiced "*Vivas*" which rang out on all sides as his vessel steamed by. The Grand Canal was transformed into a very grove of bunting, and once more the ancient Palace of the Doges put on rich holiday garb and festival draperies as in olden times, when the ruler of Venice came forth from those balconies to court the fair Adriatic with a betrothal ring. Artists who love to reproduce those mosaic external beauties of the Dandolo Palace should have seen it as the banners of so many countries waved from its roofs and windows. The Square of St. Mark was converted into a gigantic boudoir; thousands of flags and awnings were suspended from every house; tall palms waved, fluttering, in the air, while the picturesque and inseparable pigeons, seemingly perplexed by such unusual proceedings, flew restlessly in and out of their transformed surroundings, giving an added touch of almost unreal beauty to lovely Venice. As the Emperor approached the



THE ALDERSHOT DIVISIONAL POINT TO POINT AT WOKINGHAM SAT. APRIL 14

the Duke of Connaught. The heavy-weight race was very well contested, and ended in a victory for Mr. Bulkeley-Johnson, mounted on The Don, who was followed home by Mr. Scott on Serenade and Mr. Collins on Sultan. An interesting feature of this race, which took place at Wokingham, was that all these three gentlemen are in the Scots Greys. Mr. Prescott-Decie's horse, Sunbeam, unfortunately, fell at the last fence.

Last Tuesday, when the performance of the "Roses of Shadow," "Sour Grapes," and "Black Sheep" had just ended in the small theatre in the Albert Hall, I asked one of our most distinguished critics what he thought of the entertainment. "The strawberry ices are positively delicious," he answered. I pressed him, however, for an opinion, and he replied, "I have none." I have every intention of being as discreet as the eminent critic, who, nevertheless, reminded me somewhat of the equally brilliant Frenchman who, being invited to criticise a performance for the benefit of a charity, and taxed with having slept through the last four acts of a tedious play, observed, "*Le sommeil, mais c'est aussi une opinion!*" "Sour Grapes" had skin-deep beauty, at least, for the dresses of the charming girls who took part in it were exceedingly pretty. It is called a "masque," no doubt because its merits were effectually hidden. Of course, there are people who admire John Gray's poetry; others, however, call him the "reputed" poet, possibly because he has not an imperial measure of the divine afflatus. Still, "Sour Grapes" would make a charming pantomime, using the word in its original sense. Miss Aida Jenoure, as Vivian, danced as skilfully as ever, and with the individual touch that made her famous in "The Mountebanks." Mr. Cotsford Dick, as Colin, though scarcely as boorish as the hero of Marivaux's delightful "Arlequin Poli par l'Amour," which came into one's mind when watching the masque, served the author's purpose as foil to Miss Jenoure's dainty acting and *espièglerie*.

Over a year ago, at one of Mr. Grein's crowded receptions, "Roses of Shadow" was given. Then I deemed it inaudible, but intelligible. On Tuesday it certainly was audible, but past the intelligence of "undecadent" human beings. Unfortunately, M. André Raffalovich has been tinged with the mania for colour-expression of which the illustriously obscure Montenaro is supposed to be the prophet. Even Mrs. Theodore Wright, with all her skill, seemed puzzled with the part of the woman who

landing-stage in his white-painted boat, with ten gilded gondolas covered with flowers outside their white-and-gold hangings, thousands of gaily decorated craft on all sides, the entire scene was one of unexampled grace and brilliance, not likely to be soon forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to be present.

Shooting vultures is one of the diversions in which distinguished visitors to the island of Cherso usually indulge. This and its neighbouring islets are frequented not only by these weird, uncanny birds of prey, but by a large species of eagle as well. The Kaiser, who is devoted to sport of all kinds, had a day with these imperial birds before going on to Venice, and succeeded in bagging, not an eagle, but two enormous vultures, which are to be mounted and sent on to Berlin as trophies, where they will, no doubt, figure at the New Palace. The late Austrian Crown Prince, Archduke Rudolph, was a keen enthusiast over this serious sport, and frequently visited Cherso to get a shot at its eagles.

The season still swings merrily at Mentone, and, notwithstanding the departure of the Prince of Wales from sunny Mediterranean shores, people continue to pour in from all parts, a good many taking in Cannes or Mentone on their way back from Rome. At the latter haunt of rank and fashion, among late arrivals, I have noticed the Hon. Mr. and Lady Tollemache, Lord and Lady Stewart Murray, Miss Weld, Baron and Baroness Lichtenberg, and dozens of well-known people besides. Regattas have been raging on the Riviera to such an extent this year that Mentone, which boasts a fair harbour, has risen to the occasion too, and it was a rather exciting contest which took place between the Valkyrie, Oretta, Nike II., and two other boats, in which the first-named smart racer, recently owned by Lord Dunraven, was at one time supposed the victor; but the regatta committee awarded the prize to the Nike II., the first boat being ineligible through having previously won the cup. The Prince of Wales's Britannia had been entered for this race, but in her royal owner's absence engagements were, necessarily, cancelled. General Gourko, who is in delicate health, has been ordered to recruit in the balmy air of Monte Carlo, and has just gone into occupation of a very pretty villa overlooking the bay. Preparations are also being made to receive the King of Sweden; as it is, the hotel-keepers must be all semi-millionaires after the tremendous influx of "best people" which they have catered for this season.



MISS 'CONSTANCE' COLLIER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

MISS OLGA BRANDON.

Miss Olga Brandon is not an easy person to interview. In the first place, she has such a fascinating personality that one is rather inclined to notice how she looks instead of what she says; in the second place, she has a peculiarity almost phenomenal in her profession—it is almost impossible to make her talk about herself.

"I have never had anyone to help me," she begins. "Whatever success I have had, I have had to make it all alone. I always feel

that Esther in 'Caste.' I never liked anyone so much as Vashti. I seemed to understand her at once."

"I know you realised the character perfectly," I reply. "Mr. Jones told me so himself."

"I seemed to understand her exactly," says Miss Brandon, dreamily. "I knew she believed in herself. When she puts her hand on the little girl's head, the child says to her, 'You do me good at once.' And Vashti says, 'Do I?' She half believes it; it pleases her; her vanity makes her hope it is true."

"And your part in 'Hypatia,' you liked that?"

Miss Brandon makes a sign of dissent. "Well, that was a trying part. Three times I had to make a most unpleasant confession to the audience. I hoped I treated it delicately, but it was a very awkward part."

"You played it wonderfully, Miss Brandon. I shall never forget the way in which you said, 'Father, I loved him!' over and over again."

Miss Brandon smiles at this tribute and then goes on: "I was very happy at the Haymarket; and Mr. Tree was so nice to be with!"

"Was he pleased with you? Can you think of anything he said?"

"Yes; he told me that I got my effects without trying for them."

"I am glad you told me that," I say encouragingly; "that is just the kind of thing you should say in an interview. But tell me what other parts you have liked. I am sure you like only very strong parts. You are wasted in anything weak."

"Oh, I loved 'A Visit,'" cries Miss Brandon. "I played in it two years since, at the Independent Theatre. How I wish someone would put it on again!"

"It is a splendid play," I reply; "I have seldom seen anything which impressed me so much. But were the critics pleased with you in that?"

"Well, some of them said it was lovely," admits the actress, "and one said it was worthy of Sarah."

"Is it not true that in America they called you 'The Lady of the Midnight Eyes'?"

"It was Olive Logan who began it," replies Miss Brandon, apologetically. "She wrote a little poem containing the phrase, 'She



Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS BRANDON.

I might do so much better if I had someone to help me. We cannot see ourselves. I could tell another person, but I have no one to tell me."

"Miss Brandon, do you know you are being interviewed? That is not at all the way to talk. I don't believe you have an atom of conceit."

"No?" says the actress, with her singularly engaging smile. "I believe I have been told that before. How ought I to talk at an interview? I will talk about anything you like. The actor I can play with best is Leonard Boyne."

"Yes; I can understand that. I have always thought him an ideal stage-lover."

"Yes; he acts *with* you," says Miss Brandon, "and that is such a wonderful help. And some people act very well, but they act alone; but when a person acts with you you can make every word tell, and the audience feels as if it were all true."

"Tell me a little more about yourself," I say, noting how well her enthusiasm becomes her. "You played in America first, did you not?"

"Yes; I played all sorts of parts for a year there before I came over here, everything to begin with, from Shakspeare downwards. Why, once I had to appear in a burlesque, and had to sing a song. I cannot sing at all, you know, but I tried. And next day one of the papers said, 'Miss Brandon had a little song, and she sang a little.'"

"And then you came over here?" I asked, having laughed at this reminiscence.

"Yes. When I first came over here, I was engaged by Mr. Willie Edouin, and played with him and Miss Alice Atherton in comedy. After this I was engaged by Mr. J. S. Clarke, and went on a six months' tour with him, playing in 'The Rivals' and other old comedies. I was next engaged by Mrs. Kendal, and played the part of Esther in 'Caste.' I had a great success in this, and received offers from Mr. Hare, Mr. Alexander, and Mr. Tree. I went to the Adelphi at the same time as Mr. Boyne, and I think this was the mistake of my life. I should have done better to have chosen differently at this period of my career."

"And what has been your favourite part?" I ask.

"Vashti in 'Judah,'" replies Miss Brandon, decisively. "And after



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MISS BRANDON IN "THE WORLD."

of the midnight eyes.' And when people asked her whom she meant she told them it was me, and so they gradually got to call me that."

"Now tell me about your nationality. You are Russian, I believe?"

"My father was Russian," replies Miss Brandon; "my real name is Olga Lozzarovich. My mother was Danish. I was born in Australia"—a bright smile accentuating each incongruity—"and I have passed a good deal of time in America."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A JOINT-STOCK GENIUS.

BY F. WHELAN-BOYLE.

Fame comes with lightning swiftness to some men. A speech in the House of Commons, a novel, a big score at Lord's even, and, hey, presto! you are transformed altogether. Yesterday you were only a Smith,



He would never go out like other men, but sat at home writing.

a Smith among ten thousand Smiths; to-day you are *the* Smith—there is a wreath on your brow and the world is talking of you.

Fame came in this wise to Leopold Binks. He was the last-discovered star in the literary firmament, and, while the public that reads new books in preference to old ones was hailing him with rapture, the critics vied with one another in writing "Mr. Leopold Binks—a Study," and published articles in all the reviews and magazines from which one would infer that it was the writer's keen eye which first spied the new luminary and his the glory of revealing the brilliancy of Binks to the people in the street. Incidentally, of course, they made it plain that the other literary astronomers who claimed the credit of the achievement were impostors of the rankest description.

All this was a capital thing for Binks. What man who would achieve success nowadays can do without advertisement? And if the wares are good, ought we not to be grateful to those who cry their merits? Binks's wares were very good. The public read his books with an avidity born of the consumption of much that was commonplace and dull, and talked about them and looked forward eagerly to the next.

There are people, one is aware, who like to read tales that have been paid for at the rate of £10 per thousand words. There is a certain sense of reflected richness in the exercise, perhaps; and the editors who bought Binks's words took care to let the public know that they were golden.

So Leopold Binks made much money, and the world envied him and bought his photograph.

It was the great young author's library—the same that you may have seen sketched in the *Inquisitor*, with Binks himself, surrounded by a mountain chain of manuscripts, in the foreground, in the attitude—head on hand—usually adopted by genius, and the light of inspiration flashing in his eye.

He was not writing: there were no piles of manuscript; no light was in his eye. You positively could not have recognised him by his picture in the

Inquisitor, though that veracious journal said at the time that it was "a living portrait of a man who, even if, unhappily, the hand of Death were to touch him to-morrow, would surely find a niche in the temple of our literary greatness." He looked more like a very unhappy young man than a genius—and a very unhappy young man he undoubtedly was.

A knock at the door, not a timid tap, but a very assertive and peremptory knock, and, almost before the dejected Binks had time to look up, a little, round, fat, oily man bounced into the room, and smilingly bade him "Good morning."

"Well, my bonny boy," said the little man, his face beaming, "so you want my advice, hay? I thought it would come to this. It's a ghost, isn't it, you dog? Well, well, you can confide in your old uncle; he'll be as dumb as a brass monkey."

The little man said this very volubly, and with such a frank and open manner that a disinterested spectator might have been pardoned for doubting his possession of such secretive properties.

"A ghost?" repeated Binks, almost as astonished as if he saw one.

"Of course," replied his uncle, for such the old gentleman was. "I know," he went on, somewhat testily, "you could never write those things you've been putting your name to. There never was a ha'p'orth of scribbling nonsense in our family, I'll swear."

Thus, having cleared the family name, he regained his temper.

"My dear boy," he said, "the thing is done every day. You've been getting some poor hard-up devil to write for you. You've been driving him too hard and he's kicked over the traces, and you want me to put him in harness again. I know the whole thing. I'd do it myself if I were a younger man and hadn't so many companies on my hands. The critics would smell it if I tried the game. The critics—oh, the critics!" and the avuncular Binks finished in a delighted chuckle.

"I didn't write them," said Leopold, hopelessly. "I'll tell you all about it, though how you can help me I'm sure I don't know."

"You don't remember Robson, my chum, I daresay," he continued after a pause. "We lived together. Curious fellow! Spent all his time between the office and our diggings. He never would go out like other men, but sat at home writing. The funny thing was that nothing came of it. He never tried to get a single line published. I asked him one day why he didn't send to some of the newspapers or magazines. What do you suppose he said? That he was perfecting his style, and that until it was as perfect as he could make it he would not submit it to the judgment of anybody. He died, poor chap, just three years ago," said Leopold, with some emotion. "Almost the only thing he left was a box crammed with manuscripts."

"And on his death-bed he asked you to burn them, I suppose?" interposed the old man, cynically.

"He did not," retorted his nephew. "He gave them to me. He really did. He gave them to me to do what I would with them: I read them. I never pretended, until I was forced to, that I could tell good writing from bad. I didn't think much of them, but I was hard up, and I sent the last thing he wrote to the *Pegasus* magazine. They accepted it, printed it, paid for it, and wanted another. I sent another, and many more. The tales and sketches began to excite interest in the literary world. They were talked about, and their authorship canvassed in the newspapers. I was tempted, and I fell. If I had been content with money made by another man's brains, it would have been all right. But I wasn't. An overwhelming desire for notoriety took possession of me.



"What am I to do?" he reiterated.

'Why should I not become a famous author,' I said to myself—'at any rate, in name? There was a reputation ready made to my hand, with only a dead man's memory between me and it.'"

"Dead men tell no tales," interpolated the old man, oracularly.

"They don't. If they did, and I could get hold of his, I need not have troubled you," said Leopold, with a dreary humour.

"You know the rest. You know how 'The Woful World' took the town by storm, how 'Darkness Visible' went through three editions in a week. You know how I have been praised and petted and fêted and sneered at. But you don't know—you can't know—how I have suffered in trying to sustain the character. It's a wonder to me that the people who made a lion of me haven't discovered long ago that I am a cheat."

"Not at all, my boy," said the elder Binks. "I've met some literary geniuses in my time, and they were confoundedly dull, I can tell you, and gave themselves tremendous airs into the bargain. Now, you may have been dull. I haven't a doubt that you were; but you didn't give yourself airs, and so very likely you were accepted as a distinct improvement on the ordinary literary lion."

"Perhaps; but that is hardly to the point," retorted Leopold. "I have been going fast; I can't last another six months. A man who has a gold mine to dig in digs as fast as he can, and I have nearly exhausted the pile of papers poor Robson left. I have got to the earlier ones now, and though they are not so good—at least, I suppose they are not—I get more for them. But what am I to do?" he exclaimed, almost tearfully. "I couldn't write a story to save my life. Like an ass, I sold the copyrights, and I've only got about £2000. And then, I'm engaged to Lady Julia Greenly, and I can't give her up—though what she'd think of me if she knew all, Heaven only knows. What am I to do?" he reiterated fiercely, for his uncle was smiling on him most benevolently, and, it must be added, in a most aggravating manner.

"You needn't give her up," said old Binks at length. "The dear girl shall not be disappointed. I'll float you."

"You'll what? Float me?"

"Certainly. It cannot be denied," continued the company-promoter, "that my reputation is a trifle blown upon by that Squanderly Mine affair, which wasn't quite so remunerative to the shareholders as they could have wished. But, anyhow, I'll get Grasper to do it. Let me see, what shall we make it?"

"I don't understand," murmured Leopold, as a man behind a veil.

"I mean what shall the figure be?"

"The figure?"

Mr. Binks senior laughed. "What a little innocent it is! What a charming shareholder you would make, Poldy, my boy, if you didn't ask so many questions! My dear boy, you do not seem to appreciate the fact that I am going to turn you into a limited liability company, 'Leopold Binks, Limited.' Suppose we put it at £100,000, and promise 15 per cent. Let me see. Do you happen to have a pen and some paper among your literary tools?" said the old man, sweetly.

Leopold mechanically handed over the articles. The old man spread his elbows and chuckled, as if he took a keen enjoyment in the task before him.

"This company is formed," he muttered as he wrote, "'to acquire the working rights in Mr. Leopold Binks, the celebrated author. Mr. Binks is so much of a genius, and so little of a business man, that a number of his friends have prevailed upon him to adopt this course. It need hardly be pointed out to an intelligent public what a brilliant prospect this offers to investors, for the works of Mr. Binks are read in every clime and country, and he is hailed as a master wherever the English tongue is spoken.'"

His pen went on scratching for ten minutes or so, while the "property" that was to be acquired stared at him in a bewildered manner, and made no attempt to speak.

"There!" said his uncle, "I think that will do. Your literary friends will probably trample on you, the critics will make heaps of copy out of it and advertise the company, and you will find a good many people 'Not at home' when you call. But what of that? You can make a tour round the world—it's the proper thing for an author to do nowadays, and the Americans, at any rate, won't cut you: they like originality. We give you £60,000, and keep the rest for working expenses. I shall be part of the working expenses," he added solemnly and with conviction. "You will be able to marry, and you can get a trustworthy 'ghost' at three or four hundred a-year to write your novels and things. It's all as easy as A B C. Of course, we insure your life for the amount of capital, so as to give the shareholders the idea that they are going to get their money back. The premiums will be paid out of the profits."

"But supposing there are no profits?"

It was the last objection the bewildered Leopold made to his uncle's proposal.

Mr. Binks senior laughed again. "There will be: every well-regulated company pays profits for at least a year or two, if only to give the promoters time to get out. After that, of course, the public must take its chance. If you don't turn out a gold mine with six ounces to the ton, it's nobody's fault—is it?—except Nature's, who endowed you with a genius which blossomed prematurely and prematurely perished."

"Wait a minute," said he, taking out his pocket-book; "that's rather a neat idea. I'll make a note of it for future use, in case I happen to be chairman when we go into liquidation."

This is how Binks was floated.

HOUS D'ŒUVRES.

We seem in danger now of losing all the incisive and reckless journals that once robbed life of some of its dulness. Every paper, or nearly every paper, is as mild as milk in its criticism of things in general, and disgustingly impartial in tone. Even party journals which garble the speeches of opponents do so without heat. Who will give us back our dear old bits of libellous brilliance? The *Saturday Review* has long lost its old habit of injustice and its old smartness. Now, too, the *National Observer* which, with other methods, had cultivated some of the "slashing" style of the old *Saturday*, has lost its talented editor, and suffered a few unimportant changes. No doubt, it will be an excellent journal, far more representative and popular, but one misses the old irresponsible, independent impertinence. Personally, I would far rather be slashed into in an amusing manner than praised dully, and so, I think, must all feel who have a sense for style.

What, for instance, must Mrs. Humphry Ward think when her "Marcella" is hailed with respectful deference in a journal that used to gibe so joyously at her vogue and style? Must she not secretly feel much as Heine did when his loved one—one of his loved ones—after long tormenting and enthralling him, fell tamely into his arms—

Und ach! nun liebst du mich sogar?

Only in the friendly corners of a daily paper does the old spirit now peep out—the airy, mocking, devil-may-care temper of the paradoxical person with whom popular approval is condemnation, but with whom popular condemnation by no means spells approval. It is a delightful spirit in which to write, when one is free, or one's proprietor is, from petty considerations of sordid gain; but one needs large revenues to indulge one's self or others in the properly graceful irresponsibility. Human stupidity does not like being touched up with never so polished a rapier. It may not prosecute you for libel, but it will revenge itself in the easiest possible way—by not reading your paper. And the minority of clever men is too small and blessed with too scanty revenues to support your circulation.

No; your jaunty satire demands a practical philanthropist to back it up with cash. The *National Observer* was a keen delight to men of a taste for style, especially if they had leanings towards the exotic. But one must regretfully admit that it was probably caviare to the general, and that the changes made in it may increase its success from a business point of view. The mental attitude of the *National Observer* was as irritating to some as it was stimulating to others. We journalists have to cater for the many, and it is seldom wise to exacerbate (as the *D. T.* would say) the feeling of the smallest poet that ever failed to scan, for one makes one bitter enemy and only two or three temporary and lukewarm friends—namely, those other poets who know him.

It will soon become the recognised convention to praise everything, just as it is now in the case of the productions of dramatic authors who are also friends or fellow-journalists. The feeling is a kindly one at bottom: I do not believe, as some are apt to do, in the venality of critics. No; the average reviewer thinks of a book, "It's awfully bad, but one mustn't say so, because the writer is one of us," or, with a more disinterested feeling, "Poor fellow, a favourable notice may please him, and the public can look after itself." And, indeed, the public does, and is certainly not seduced into buying books too largely in any case.

We shall be praised too much at times; we shall be blamed too heavily at other times. On a rough average, we shall probably be fairly treated; and in any case it matters little to ourselves, and nothing to others. The days when "notices" made or marred men are past. The public judges after its own blind, capricious way, with sound but unformulated instincts. The chief evil of the public judgment is that it will tolerate almost anything from an accepted and acknowledged favourite, and will buy almost any pot-boiler. This is kindly of the public, but wrong. There comes a time in the career of every man when he is incapable of doing good work. A holiday should be tried on him first—at national expense—then a pension and a title; and if he still continued producing inferior work, it should be suppressed—or he should.

I shall be happy to offer myself as a fit subject for the holiday—at national expense—and for the pension, if sufficiently large. I will not even ask for a title, though I am convinced that every man of letters has a right to a barony at least. My incapacity I will take for granted, if only I get the pension. I know of no more certain dissuasive from work than a fixed income—except being supported by charity.—MARMITON.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XVI.—MR. ERNEST PARKE AND THE "STAR"
AND "MORNING LEADER."

It was with a feeling of awe that I approached the *Star* office; indeed, as I wandered down Shoe Lane I stopped in front of the "Sloperies," and gazed at the weird collection of curiosities in the windows, merely in order to get time in which to pull myself together; for I was going to



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.
MR. ERNEST PARKE.

interview the chief of the *Star* men—a human being powerful enough to compel printer and reader to allow him to spell "programme" without two needless letters at the end. To the general reader this may seem a poor exhibition of power, but I, who have tried to be what De Quincey called an "Orthographie Mutineer," but have always been repressed by *The Sketch* reader—the ablest that I have met—fully appreciate Mr. Ernest Parke's force of will. Up the three flights of steps I toiled. No lift, Mr. Parke, on an up-to-date paper? I found him in a very bad temper.

"What's the matter, Mr. *Star*?" I asked.

"Lawyers, Mr. *Sketch*; they're the mosquitoes of the Press world."

"Am I to take the remark as a compliment? Yes; I'm a lawyer—no, not a solicitor, but I used to be. No; never a Chancery Lane solicitor: are they particularly venomous?" The fact is that he had just been interviewed by solicitors who wanted damages for an alleged libel, and he considered their application mere blackmailing. He grew very eloquent about the way in which papers are victimised and have to pay unjust claims in order to avoid unlucreative litigation. He mentioned the case of a poet—obscure, but not unknown—who, for what, if a libel, contained a terrible innuendo, insisted on a solatium of £25: big value to set upon one's honour!

"Mr. Parke, why don't the newspapers form an insurance fund and all contribute to it, and submit every application to its solicitors and counsel, and let it fight every unjust claim to the bitter end, and squeeze the unsuccessful plaintiffs by all lawful means for costs? It would save editors much time and trouble and scare blackmailers."

While talking, I was studying Mr. Parke. In appearance he is a puzzle for those who think that they can guess a man's profession from his appearance. The clean-shaven, colourless, keen, intellectual face, taken with the mass of auburn hair, give him quite a priestly look: indeed, for a long time I manœuvred to get to the back of him, and see whether there were traces of a tonsure. When at last he turned to use

one of his battery of speaking-tubes, I saw that his locks were like Samson's before the Delilah episode.

Since I have always wondered how I came to be a journalist, I asked him how he entered the profession.

"I began life—or rather the struggle for it—in a Stratford-on-Avon bank; but soon my pen grew busy, and I sent notes on local topics to the local paper. Some remarks of mine about the parson—no, not flattering remarks—attracted such attention that I determined to give up the bank. No; it did not go into liquidation on that account. I had a talk with Mr. John Robinson (now Sir John), who recommended me to work in the country for a while. I took his advice, and worked on the *Midland Echo* at Birmingham. Then I came up with Mr. Storey, M.P., and became assistant sub-editor on the *Echo*. After this, I was editor of the *Stock Exchange*, a financial paper, founded by Baron Grant; but I hated the work. Mr. O'Connor, before the birth of the *Star*, made me chief sub-editor, and here I am."

"Now lord of all you survey, except myself?"

"Well, hardly. The *Star* is in no sense whatever a one-man show. My work and responsibility on the *Star* are shared by Mr. H. S. MacLauchlan, and on the *Morning Leader* by Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes and Mr. T. A. Cudlipp. Most of the *Star* leaders are written by Mr. Gordon Hewart, assisted by Mr. W. Uttley. The *Morning Leader* leaders are chiefly due to Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes. Mr. Gordon Hewart is an Oxford man, who took an open classical scholarship at University College, afterwards won classical honours, and was one of the shining lights in the college debates. In '92 he joined our staff. He is 'eating' his way to the Bar."

"Of course, we're always glad to hear that clever men are coming to keep us company in starving. How about Mr. MacLauchlan?"

"He's a Highlander, who was intended for the pulpit, but drifted into journalism—*facilis descensus*, you know. Educated at Edinburgh University, he joined the staff of Mr. S. Storey, M.P., at Sunderland in '76, and remained with him sixteen years, including four years' Parliamentary, dramatic, and descriptive work on the *Echo*, and six editing the Portsmouth *Evening News* and Hampshire *Telegraph*. In '92 he came back to town and joined us. Mr. Hughes, born thirty-six years ago, divided his attention between work as an engineer and contributing to the chief Suffolk papers till '91, when he came up to the 'Little Village' as editor of the *Weekly Star*. He has been leader-writer, Parliamentary sketch writer, and Lobbyist for the *Morning Leader* from its start, and also sketch writer for the *Star*. Mr. Cudlipp was one of twenty-four children, and is proud of the fact, though in his marriage he has abandoned the family tradition. He is a Launceston man, and began



Photo by W. V. Amey, Landport.
MR. MACLAUCHLAN.

as a provincial journalist partly under Mr. Passmore Edwards, and then came up and joined the staff of the *Echo*. Four or five years later, when the *Morning Leader* was started, he was appointed to his present position."

"The literary staff of the *Star*?"

"'Spectator' is Mr. A. B. Walkley, as, of course, you know; 'Piccolo' is Mr. Sidney Thompson; 'Log-Roller' is Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, and Mr. Joseph Pennell does our art criticism."

"I fancy I know your *Leader* staff: music, Mr. C. W. Veats; art, Mrs. Graham R. Tomson; dramatic, Mr. J. R. Geard; and books, Mr. D. P. Saunders."

“‘Captain Coe’ (otherwise Mr. E. C. Mitchell) writes for *The Sketch* as well as the *Star*. The sports editor of the *Morning Leader* is Mr. A. Gibson; he is the ‘Rover’ so dearly beloved by all cricketers.”

“But don’t the halfpenny public find these gentlemen rather beyond their intellectual comprehension? Yes; I know some of your readers ‘have got culture,’ as the Americans say, but isn’t the combination of culture and popular politics incongruous? Don’t you risk the dilemma of only giving a farthing’s worth for a halfpenny to the two classes—those who want culture and don’t want news or politics, and those in the converse case?”

“It’s a deliberately chosen policy. Our readers are by no means confined to the working classes or sporting folk. Moreover, I think we give a good ha’p’orth to both the classes you name, and throw in the rest for nothing. We certainly sell many copies simply on account of the ‘culture’ articles, and I believe that many who buy for news or sport are attracted by the other parts, and, reading them, take the paper afterwards for their sake. Besides, our policy gives weight and influence to the paper. People with prejudice, inclined to call the paper a ‘Radical rag,’ are disposed to take a fairer view when they find it written by those who appreciate art and literature, and they come to judge the working-man more justly when they see such matter in papers primarily written for him. By working-man—your term—I don’t mean merely the artisan, but those who work for a living, and to whom threepence a week is a matter of moment. Besides, there is the educational influence—is that worth nothing?”

“Ah! you’re an optimist, young enough to believe in educational influence, &c.?”

“I don’t think you’re worse than a sham cynic. Yes, we’re young on this paper, and we like young workers. You think it strange for me to say that, standing under Mr. Gladstone’s portrait? Well, he’s a young man, has never in spirit even reached middle age.”

I may mention that Mr. Parke is about thirty-four years old.

“Running? Ah! I’ve given that up, though I used to be a sprinter. Not a teetotaler, but almost an abstainer; not a vegetarian, but eat more green stuff than meat. Of course I smoke—cigarettes. Take very little exercise, but keep in good health. How do I amuse myself? Not billiards, chess, or cards—bird-fancying. I breed pigeons, cocks and hens, and ‘other fearful wild fowl.’ No; I don’t exhibit, but they’re all fancy birds.”

I hope to get a photo of the *Star* man, surrounded by his feathered folk; it might amuse some of those who are scourged by the *Star*.

“What time do the papers come out? The *Morning Leader* at the same time as the *Daily News*, &c.; the *Star* at 10.30 a.m. It’s a rush, for much of our copy comes by the first morning post, and the greater part of the rest is written the same morning. The last edition is generally at about 5.30, according to the races. In the matter of editions, however, the motto of the *Star* is ‘Ready, aye, Ready,’ and when big events happen the *Star* is sure to be about, whatever the hour.”

“I am sometimes told that the *Star* has grown tamer in politics than it used to be. No; I don’t read the *Star* myself. I only read papers I write for—certainly not to read my own stuff, but to see how badly the other contributors do their work, and wonder why I’m not asked to take their places.”

“No; the *Star* has not gone back; it does not even imitate Joshua’s sun and merely mark time. In my opinion, it is right in the van. Am I a musician? No; only a good lover and listener.”

“They also serve who listen.”

“Then, I’m a splendid musician, up to Gounod. I don’t go beyond him. I’d sooner listen to ‘Faust’ than ‘Lohengrin.’ But don’t tell ‘Piccolo,’ or he’d weep over his failure to give me culture. How is our circulation? Isn’t that like asking a lady her age? Ask our advertisement manager. We’re proud enough of it; but why should I mention a figure merely to enable the other papers to go ten thousand better—on paper, not in papers? Besides, we’re erratic: a big sporting affair makes a tremendous difference, so does a showy murder, or any matter that gives a taking line for the bill. On such occasions people buy us, whatever their politics.”

We began to discuss the question whether facts or opinions are really the more important in newspapers, but the whistles in the battery of speaking tubes played such a distracting tune and the telephone bell rang so often that I durst not keep Mr. Parke all to myself any longer, so I crept down that steep staircase again.

E.

“AND BITTERNESS WITHAL.”

They stood facing each other in the pretty little suburban drawing-room, he flushed and radiant, she very pale and stonily calm.

He had been speaking for some time, breathlessly, passionately, and at last he held out both his hands and, catching her slim, cold fingers in his own, pressed them to his lips.

“—And so I have secured the appointment and a settled income,” he went on. “Ethel, darling, think of what that means to us!”

She drew her hands away from his detaining grasp—the words came from her slowly and with an effort—“I am very glad and thankful for you, dear.”

“Is that all you have to say to me, sweetheart, when we have been waiting for such a day as this for years?”—his voice was infinitely loving, but somewhat reproachful.

“What more can I say but that I am glad and thankful?”

“Why, everything! Think how we have talked over this time when it seemed so dreadfully far off—planned out what we would do, almost what we would say!”

“Yes, that is just it,” she said, with an unutterable weariness in her voice; “we have gone over the ground so often that there is nothing left to say—or do.”

He came a little nearer to her and put his arms about her. “What is the matter with you, dear? I can’t make you out at all. You have always been such a sympathetic little sweetheart, cheering me up through all my times of trouble. It is not like you to try to spoil my happiness—your happiness, for it should mean as much to you as it does to me. Come, dear, come and sit down beside me, and let us talk it all over.”

She broke away from him with a sudden cry, “Don’t, don’t! I can’t bear it; I shall go mad unless I speak out now!”

“Ethel, are you ill?”

“I must tell you. I have kept silent all these years, but now, at last, I can speak. I would not leave you when I was all you had, but now that you need me less, now that success has come to you, I can’t stay, for I want to be free—free—free!”

“Good heavens!”

“Can’t you understand? No, I suppose you can’t: men never do. Everything has come too late. We did love each other in those old days, but when year after year went by, and hope grew fainter and fainter, the bitterness of it all ate into my very soul, and hardened and corroded it. Dear, can’t you see that when love’s fire has no fresh fuel added to it—well, it burns itself out and leaves only dead ashes behind. If we had been married, it would have been different; there would have been so many little things to hold us together—perhaps the clinging fingers of little children—”

“You are driving me mad”—the man’s voice was choked—“I cannot believe that you know what you are saying. Ethel, my darling, think of what we have been to each other, and have a little pity on me.”

The woman went on as if he had not spoken, her eyes gazing past him: “But now I seem to have outlived hope and desire and to feel nothing, neither pain nor pleasure. I am so tired of it all, I seem to know everything off by heart—just how you will kiss me, just what you will say. You have been very good to me—too good; but fate has been against us so long that now my heart seems dead. Darling”—passionately, with a sudden cry—“put your arms round me, and try to warm me to life again. No, no; you cannot; let me go—let me go!”

He threw himself on the sofa and hid his face, but no words came from his strained lips.

“Just at first, eight years ago,” she went on dreamily, “we were so sure of success. We used to plan out our life together, and build such pretty houses in the air, and choose our furniture—two such happy fools! And then, do you remember how we used to buy little things for ‘our home,’ and I would put by all my prettiest things for the time ‘when we were married’? It seems so long ago. The things you got are worn out now, and all my little treasures I gave to Nelly when she was married, three years ago. I am so sorry, dear”—with a little choking sob—“but I can’t help it.”

And there was only the silence to answer her.

“Alec! Alec!” she cried, “won’t you speak to me, and forgive me for hurting you? You always used to forgive me in a moment when I vexed you.” She went and knelt down beside him, and tried to take away his hands from the face she was almost afraid to see. “Indeed, indeed, it will be best for you as well—you will be able to tell the old story to someone to whom it will be quite, quite new, and you would not have me come to you against my will, would you, dear?”

He turned suddenly, and took her face between his hands, holding it so tightly that she gave a little cry of pain.

“Look at me, look me full in the eyes, and tell me that you do not love me, that you never will again, and I will let you go. Even then I won’t curse you—I can’t! But, oh, darling!”—his voice grew wonderfully tender—“think for a moment before you take all the happiness out of my life. . . . I will be so gentle and good to you, dear. I will woo and win you over again—I will make you love me. Have I ever been harsh or unkind to you all these weary years, even when disappointment and misery were nearly driving me mad? By Heaven!”—and his voice changed suddenly—“I will not let you go, for you are my very life!”

Then she looked him full in the face and said slowly, “Yes, you will— you must—for I do not love you.”

He pushed her aside then and got up, groping his way hesitatingly to the door, as a man who had suddenly become blind. She half moved towards him. “Say that you forgive me—that you understand.”

He gave a strident laugh, and his voice was harsh and changed as he spoke—“Good-bye, good-bye: I am going to celebrate the happiest day of my life. My God! the happiest day of my life!” and he laughed again.

She rushed after him and caught his arm, but he flung her aside almost fiercely, and shut the door behind him, and as he went she heard the laugh change into a sob in his throat.

She stood for a moment just where he had left her, then, catching sight of the ring on her finger, she tore it off, and flung it from her, and kissing her hand passionately, cried out in a voice that she herself did not recognise, so young and fresh had it grown, so like the voice of her lost girlhood—

“Free! free!”

FLORENCE MULLENBUX.

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THE ART OF THE DAY.

We are on the verge now of the spring exhibitions, and a very few days will bring the Academy and the Salon for public appreciation. As to the Salon, it will contain 1862 pictures, which do not include nearly 700 water-colours, pastels, and miniatures. M. Bouguereau will send to its walls a painting characteristically entitled "L'Innocence et la Perle." It would be superfluous to record the titles of other pictures that will adorn this academic home, but one or two are irresistible. For example, "Victorien Sardou dirigeant une des Répétitions Générales de 'Madame Sans-Gêne,'" by M. Cain, and "L'Art Triomphe de l'Ignorance et de la Barbarie," by M. Bonnat, are among these. How either artist may have accomplished his work we, of course, are ignorant. But the titles are engrossing and not altogether illustrative of art. Are they not?

Mr. W. L. Wyllie is really a most interesting artist. We may not be quite sure whether he is a great painter, but it cannot be denied that he is a very attractive one. His exhibition now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's will well repay a visit. Visiting Trinidad, Grenada, St. Lucia, Dominica, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tangier, and the Spanish coast on a yachting tour, he has embodied the picturesque essentials which there unfolded themselves before his eyes in his series of paintings, which he calls "Oceans, Seas, and Rivers." Mr. Wyllie's sense of the picturesque was never so delightfully exercised. The sea, with its infinite numerousness, told him many a secret, which many have known before, but which few painters, at all events, have chosen to learn. The sea, for example, is not always blue crested with white, as admirers of Mr. Henry Moore might sometimes be led to suppose. It has its moods and its changes, which are often so fleeting, yet so exquisite that it is almost impossible to commit them to memory; they are matters only of knowledge. As Mrs. Meynell pointed out in one of her recently published essays, the tourist cannot find adjectives enough to describe the blue of the sea; he knows nothing of its opal, its shades of green, its whiteness, of which last the same writer observes, in a phrase which



DREAMS OF AVARICE.—J. E. CHRISTIE.

Exhibited at the New English Art Club, Dudley Gallery.

can never be forgotten, "A white Mediterranean is the flower of the breathless midsummer." But Mr. Wyllie has not, like this tourist, travelled in vain. He has caught the variety of the sea with charming design and accomplishment. His sea has the extraordinary relation of part to part which is visible alone in moving Nature; he has seized its organism and its vitality. Moreover, his drawing is good, and his style, if not exactly grand, most attractive. His art, as we began by saying, is extremely interesting.



CHRISTOPHE COLOMB EXPOSANT SES PROJETS POUR LA DÉCOUVERTE DE L'AMÉRIQUE AU CONSEIL DE SALAMANQUE.—F. M. DUMOND.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

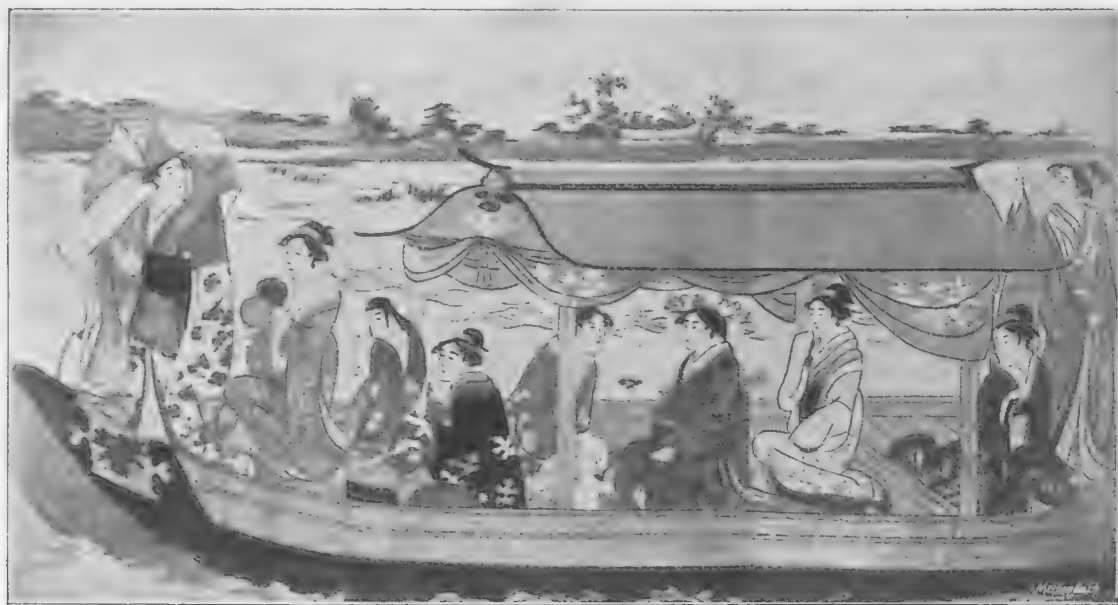
At McLean's Gallery, on the other hand, Mr. Henry Moore almost convinces one that there is no aspect of the sea fairer or more persuasive than its dark blue. His "On the North Sea"—is there not something romantic in the very title?—is a splendid example of colour and multitudinous movement, a movement of water, of wind, of atmosphere. Another picture by the same artist, "Mouth of the Seine," is worthy of

The recent accounts of sales have not been particularly amusing, or even instructive. At Christie's, the other day, some drawings from the collection of the late Mr. J. W. Barnes were sold in a somewhat uninteresting fashion. A David Cox, "A Road by a Pool," went for £50; a Norman subject by Prout fetched £78; a Turner, a drawing of that delightful place, Lyme Regis, was knocked down for £189; while the highest price given at the sale was for an A. W. Hunt, "Durham from below Framwellgate Bridge," which sold for £399, about which the only interesting question to ask seems to be, Why not £400? Echo replies, Why not?

The Society of Scottish Artists is very pleased with itself, and, we are bound to add, with very good reason. It has just issued its annual report upon the position which it now holds, and it congratulates the members, not only upon their artistic success—a society would naturally do that for its own members: as one wittily observed, "An enemy can tell the truth for you; it takes a friend to—," but we need not finish a sentence which can have no obvious application to the society in question—but also, and for a Scottish corporation this surely means much, the Society declares that its financial position is entirely satisfactory. We may clearly rejoice, therefore, that the roll of membership now contains 479 names. It is really a fine record. Scotland, in fact, is rapidly establishing a solid claim

to consideration on the ground of artistic excellence, and it is even noticeable in this instance that prophets are honoured in their own land. We observe that the Corporation of Glasgow has just purchased Mr. David Murray's last year's Academy picture, "Fir Faggots." The Corporation might have done worse: the picture was extremely meritorious, and deserved the praise which was lavishly bestowed upon it.

The gentleman who contributes letters of various merit to the *World* under the signature of "F." makes in this week's issue of that journal a very sensible and attractive suggestion. It is known that the new Dean of Hereford possesses a valuable collection of the Kemble family portraits, which will shortly be removed to the deanery. "F." therefore suggests that the new Dean may possibly find himself ready to offer them for brief exhibition to an appreciative public. "The physical beauty," writes "F." "of the Kembles inspired so many painters



YOUNG LADIES IN A BOAT.—YEISHII.
Exhibited at the Goupil Gallery, Regent Street, S.W.

the high reputation of its creator. There are many other pictures of considerable interest in the same gallery, notably a Rosa Bonheur, a "Scotch Coast Scene" by Mr. Peter Graham, and a Dutch landscape by Anton Mauve.

It is a little late to recur to a recent correspondence in a contemporary upon the subject of the most pathetic line in verse; but we recollect that two or three years ago a picture exhibited in the New Gallery bore on its frame a piercingly pathetic line, the authorship of which we have never been able to discover, and which was certainly never quoted in the correspondence. The picture was by Signor Costa, and represented a hooded monk leaning over a terrace contemplating the slow sunrise, and the line ran thus—

If love be dead, why dost thou rise, O Sun
Perhaps Signor Costa could enlighten us.



ON THE CANAL, DORDRECHT.—GEORGE C. HAITE.
Exhibited at the St. James's Gallery (Mendoza).



ANTSÉ CRAYFISH.—WATANABE SEITEI.
Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, W.



THE SILENT CRADLE.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



FAIRY TALES.—G. G. KILBURNE.
Exhibited at McLean's Gallery, Haymarket.

that a show of their portraits would have nothing of monotony." And he adds, wittily enough, that though we could not sit out half the plays in which they made their fame, we could all spend a pleasant half-hour in looking at their pictures, for, in truth, physical beauty is rare enough in the world.

The little series of water-colours which Mr. Dunthorne exhibits from the brush of Mr. C. J. Watson deals with that everlasting subject for the young painter, the air, the atmosphere, the architecture of Italy:

and we are bound to say that Mr. Watson represents Italy in no commonplace manner. Ravenna and Rimini are the towns which, for the most part, honour Mr. Watson's choice, and we are not sure that his choice—in a limited human sense—does not honour them. His colour is charming, and he has a quick sense to perceive the decorative aspect of things, whether they are of Nature or of the hand-work of man.

Into the merits of the controversy at Glasgow on certain pictures of the nude it is not necessary to enter. Perhaps, the only remark which can be offered is that it is fortunate that Burlington House is not situated in the city of Glasgow, for more than one of the pictures which have excited discussion and offence have been hung in the Royal Academy, and Sir Frederic Leighton is himself the artist of one canvas.

Next Saturday several of Mr. Birket Foster's water-colours are to be sold. This popular artist has recovered from the serious illness which afflicted him for so long, and which has kept his brush idle. He is leaving the beautiful home, which is known to many, in the village of Witley, not so very far from the country seat of Lord Knutsford. More than one lover of art has found out this lovely spot, where tall pine-trees add to the health-giving properties of the breezy air. Mr. Foster's residence has a splendid studio, lofty and large, and probably this fact alone will make it attractive to an artist. At the same sale there will be put up for auction certain theatrical scenery which is the result of collaboration between Mr. Fred Walker, A.R.A., and Mr. Birket Foster.

There were 12,000 pictures sent in this year to the Royal Academy. The work of judging has been unusually arduous, and on all hands it seems agreed that there will not be many surprising successes. One picture by Henrietta Rae (Mrs. Normand) has already, so rumour says, changed hands for the sum of £1000, exclusive of copyright.



PILLAGE D'UNE VILLA GALLO-ROMAINE PAR LES HUNS.—G. ROCHEGROSSE.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A NOVEL WITH A HOBBY.*

Mrs. Linton is a writer who has devoted her life to a purpose. I am bewildered to think of the mere number of articles she has written in the reviews for some years in opposition to the "emancipation" of woman. They come out month after month, with no particular freshness of argument, but with that unflinching tension and hardness of rhetoric which produce at last a numbing effect on the brain, such as would be made by the incessant beating of a gong. The style is good of its rather unattractive kind, clear, terse, and accurate, but wholly without ease, charm, and the indefinable play of light and shade which make the best writing urbane, persuasive, tolerant, delightful. Mrs. Linton's English always suggests to me the incarnate figure of Syntax, striking an attitude of haughty propriety in every page, as who should say, "See how correct, polished, and altogether inhuman I am!" When I opened this novel, I assumed, especially from the inscription, "To the sweet girls still left among us who have no part in the new revolt, but are content to be dutiful, innocent, and sheltered," that Mrs. Linton had taken up her familiar parable. Anything more depressing to the "sweet girls" than this tragedy of Moira West it is impossible to imagine. If I were a "sweet girl"—excuse so grotesque a fancy!—I should take the inscription to mean that this book contained some encouragement to hold my own against the mannish, vociferous, altogether objectionable ladies of the "new revolt." But what should I find? Moira West, the "dutiful, innocent, and sheltered" heroine, a beautiful, long-suffering, wholly vacuous young woman, is married against her will to an elderly automaton, a sort of animated ruler—I mean the scholastic instrument of that name—who was attracted by her pretty face, and thought it signified "profound treasures of mind and soul." A more exasperating person than Mr. Brabazon never existed even within the covers of a three-volume novel. The nuisance is that he is not artistically exasperating; you feel that he has been created simply to talk Lintonese, to elaborate sarcasms which drip with the midnight oil; there is not a credible moment in his mechanism from beginning to end. Finding his wife a fool, he sets her tasks; she must read Cowper, get a hundred lines of "Paradise Lost" by heart—behave, in short, like a backward school-girl. This is rather staggering to me in my capacity as a "sheltered innocent." So far from being "sheltered," indeed, Moira began life with a mother who worried the father into his grave. Then she worried the daughter into an unhappy marriage, and then the animated ruler worried his wretched wife into a fish-pond. I say this is a pretty look-out for me! I am so sorry for my shelterless, dutiful self that I wring my hands with mingled impatience, disgust, and terror.

But let us get on with the horrible tale. I make another unnerving discovery. The real heroine of the book is actually one of those unsexed women whom Mrs. Linton has always held up to scorn. Moira West is an idiot, but the unsheltered, undutiful, and by no means unsophisticated Effie Chegwin—an unfortunate name, which reminds me of the gentleman at the music-halls who is known as the "White-Eyed Kaffir"—is a "strong, brave, generous" B.A. of Girton, full of strange oaths, sometimes full of brandy-and-water, equal to the most potent cigar, charitable to the East-End poor; and a good deal more than kind to one James Hartley, an East-End policeman. What the—I very nearly dropped into the Girton style of speech—what on earth am I, a "sweet girl," to make of this? The paradox is that Effie, though she bears about as

much resemblance to a prize student of Girton as I do, is the only character in the book with any reality and any claim upon rational sympathy. True, she knows nothing at all about Whitechapel, and is made to go there simply in order that Mrs. Linton may weave the little romance of the stalwart constable. A very superior "bobby" is Policeman 300 X—not the sort of man the most impudent urchin would dream of asking the time. James Hartley is intellectual, and gives much of himself to "speculative thought and philosophy," when he is not tracking dynamiters or keeping cabmen in their proper places. And, naturally, Effie, as "a philosophic Radical," falls in love with him. She picks up his bleeding form after a little scrimmage he has had with two wicked Irishmen, nurses him tenderly, and one fine day puts her arms round his

neck, lifts his head from the pillow, and kisses him "as a woman kisses who loves, gently, tenderly, softly, fondly, too much assured of herself to be tremulous, too resolute to be diffident or reluctant." Again I, as the "sweet girl," call on "men and hangels" to "igsplain." To my "sheltered" mind, anything so forward, so shocking, as Effie Chegwin's behaviour on this occasion never darkened a page dedicated to a virginal eye. To do him justice, the "bobby" is a good deal taken aback. "Such men as he are rare in any community," says Mrs. Linton; "and if the police were manned by all such one more gate to the Promised Land of the Millennium would be open." But even such a paragon does not expect to enter that or any other gate with a lady's arms round his neck and her "too resolute" lips on his. No wonder he bursts into imagery not usually employed by "the Force." "Love you? Aye, that I do! As the bee loves honey—as the flowers love the sun!" This is very fine as a mingling of speculative philosophy, Radicalism, poetry, the Millennium, and Scotland Yard; but what is the "sweet girl" to say? Honestly, she has an irresistible liking for Effie, and for the whole of this love-making, in spite of its inherent absurdity. I am blushing madly at the scene, but it is so seductive that I shall not venture near a crowded crossing for weeks, lest I should be tempted to throw myself into the arms of the tallest policeman and murmur on his cerulean breast, "Let us to the Promised Land!"

This is a nice confession for the innocent and dutiful, but it is Mrs. Linton's fault. She extols that "bobby" till I am lost in ecstacy. The one bit of natural

writing in the book describes how Hartley's devotion makes him fall into his native Cumberland dialect. "How I love that Cumberland accent!" cried Effie, laughing for pure happiness. "And how beautifully you speak it! I wish I could!" "Nay, but thou cannot," said James, broadening his tongue to the broadest. "Thou hast to be learned when a lile lass, and not when thou'st be growed up, like." When I tear myself in great agitation from this pair of lovers, whom Mrs. Linton insists on likening in her incurably stilted way to Ulysses and Calypso, to Orlando and Armida, it is to see Moira neglected by her automaton for one of Effie's "pals," an Anglo-Italian, whose eyes are full of "sombre passion." There are three of these ladies: Laura, who is driven by the Higher Education to brandy-and-soda, and eventually to suicide; Carrie, who is snubnosed and impertinent; and Julia, she with the "sombre passion," who makes love to Brabazon in the most shameless way, which, I am told, is platonic. The automaton reads Shakspeare and Marlowe to her, skipping the coarse passages, and she squeezes him with her "large but well-conditioned hand." And Moira goes quietly out one night and drowns herself, because she dare not clope with Captain Armstrong. Once more I lift my plaintive wail: What is a "sweet girl" to make of this astounding fable?

L. F. A.



Photo by the Bond Street Photographic Co.

MRS. LYNN LINTON.

* "The One Too Many." By E. Lynn Linton. London: Chatto and Windus.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*Hereditary**Short Tails.*

A case of far greater interest than may appear at first sight has just been reported. A short tail—an inch and a-half in length—has descended to the third generation in a family of fox-terriers. Cases of this kind, though not unknown, are exceedingly rare. It will occur at once even to those who have not thought much about it that lambs, in spite of the fact that their tails have been mercilessly reduced "from time immemorial," still go on being born with long tails, and, without going to the bottom of the question and being too scientific, the reason is not hard to see; for it is not by running counter to Nature, but only by following her own methods, that we can fairly look to bring about abnormal results. By selection, by gradual accentuation of small differences, it is in these ways only that lasting changes in the type can be produced, and it takes many a year and many hundreds of instances to form a variety that shall last. But it can be done. The shorthorn, which the brothers Collett began from ordinary cows, is now so distinct a type that, mated even with wild cattle, it converts them in two generations almost to itself. As the fox-terriers in question have been formed by violent means, it is probable they will not revert to the original type gradually—like Mr. Suttan's prize marigolds when left alone—nor by a gradual lengthening of the tail, but that in succeeding litters all will be long-tails, or else that there will be a preponderance of long-tailed pups, with an odd pup or two short-tailed.

The "Sizing" in Cross Shots.

This old and vexed question is once more to the front. Its advocates, and they are in an enormous majority, say this, "Swing on your bird, and you are bound to get it. You cannot swing too far—the sympathy between hand and eye will not allow it." Just so. But may I add this? The difficulty is to swing far enough. In order to make this plan effective, you must go on swinging even while you pull the trigger. Now, the tendency which many men experience is to stop the swing at the moment of firing: result, a miss. Now, I don't believe in swinging. I am quite sure it must end by making the man who does it a slow and "poking" shot. And it is not a safe method. Why, surely one of the first elementary points we were taught as youngsters was not to follow a rabbit or bird, but to "up" with the gun, well in front, and stop or miss it, as the case might be. That is the only way to shoot—to shoot smartly and well. Ask Lord de Grey, ask Lord Walsingham, or read the Badminton book. Both these men should know what they are talking about; they are the best shots in England—and, possibly, in Europe—and they don't swing. The little chuck back in shooting a rocketeer is quite another matter. It is not swinging.

Acclimatisation of Sporting Animals.

So they are going to try and introduce our red deer into America. A small herd is to be sent to Wyoming—I presume to the Yellowstone Park. I know of no reason why the experiment should not be completely successful, except this—that the ways of deer are unaccountable, and attempts of this kind have hitherto been very disappointing. Fallow deer seem better calculated to stand new surroundings than other forms, and have succeeded under most varying conditions. But the wapiti has been tried in Sweden with very little, if any, success. A herd introduced many years ago has just about held its own—that is all one can say. It has not increased, or not appreciably, and this in surroundings exactly like those it left. The moose and the Norwegian elk, again, have failed to establish themselves where all seemed in their favour. There is no doubt that deer are "kittle cattle" to move. It is quite the reverse, now, with many other wild creatures—with pigs, for example. The wild boar seems equally at home in any land. More than this, no creature reverts to the wild type so quickly as the pig. The tame pig of to day, if left at liberty in the forest, will establish a race of wild swine in a very few years' time. However, this is by the way. The American experiment will be watched with much interest in this country.

Waterproof Shooting Boots.

"Where can I get a pair of really waterproof shooting boots?" asks one in the columns of the *Field*. It is not a difficult question to answer, as appears by the replies. But my advice to those about to buy such boots is "Don't, distinctly don't." They are a delusion and a snare. We have all tried them at one time or another—I have. Unless there is ventilation in your boots, you cannot be comfortable. They will be damp inside from perspiration. If the day is hot, such boots will "draw" your feet; if the day is not hot, your feet will be icy cold. No; waterproof boots are a failure, and, besides, you don't want boots that are absolutely waterproof. You gain nothing by it. They don't keep off rheumatism, but rather induce it. The better and safer plan in the long run is to get wet if you must go out shooting, and to change your boots directly you stop—that, of course, is an all-important point. Water never hurts any man, though harm may be done by the chill that may follow it. I have lived for weeks in moccasins, wet every day and all day long, have spent day after day in the water in early spring after otters, have walked the bogs the winter through, and by careful attention to this simple rule have never had a touch of rheumatism. Keep clear of waterproof boots.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I learn this week that the *Newbery House Magazine* has changed hands. The May number will, for the first time, be issued by that enterprising young firm of publishers, Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co., of Bedford Street. Although the connection with Newbery House has ceased, the title will, for the present, at all events, remain unaltered. It will be interesting to note developments in this magazine, for which there ought to be considerable scope if a policy of advance is adopted.

Will Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella" (Smith and Elder) appeal so strongly to her very large *clientèle* of readers as did her former stories? I doubt it, though again her subject is chosen and treated with masterly appreciation of what makes for popularity. She is a keen watcher of the movements of the time—not of their advance-waves, of course. When the direction of a movement is well defined, when safe and cultivated folks have become aware of its existence, before old prejudices about it have been given up, yet before it is altogether taken for granted and grown into a commonplace, then comes her time, and, indeed, the time of anyone who would be a leader of many. She is in sincere sympathy with the main currents of the time, if by "main" we signify those that carry the greatest bulk of humanity with them.

But in her study of the Labour movement in "Marcella" she has undertaken a more difficult task than in her former books. The subject excites keen interest, but it is one on which everybody likes his neighbours to define their opinions. Every reader will have his own sympathies with one or the other of the sections suggested by Mrs. Ward, and will probably be annoyed that her point of view is not more clearly stated, if only to give a chance of argument and contradiction. For the story has no theoretical conclusion, though the writer's sympathies are plainly with all that is moderate and well-meaning and restrained.

"Marcella" falls between two stools. Sometimes it looks as if it had frankly been meant as a social novel of the hour, a convenient vessel for holding theories and principles, nothing more. In that case the conclusion should have been more definitely, more boldly stated, the facts and the present situation more seriously faced. But perhaps this appearance is only brought about by Mrs. Ward's hereditary and irrepressible habit of preaching. Her aim may rather have been to give a series of pictures of the different political sections that have the cause of Labour in their hearts or on their lips. But the picture is dimmed by the preaching, and, with all her gifts, Mrs. Ward has none of the dramatic power necessary to make pictures of active and exciting scenes; indeed, she hardly attempts this. We hear of a strike, for instance, but we are never brought into the midst of it. She has to represent the movement and its sections by individuals—entering with the minutest descriptions of their motives and histories—a plan easy to attack on the ground of its possible unfairness.

Mrs. Ward is, however, not unfair. She has striven hard to understand things and persons alien to her. With actual hardship and suffering her sympathy is from the heart. With revolution, any aspirations, she has at least intellectual sympathy, so far as her inherent and unconquerable culture, the peace and comfort of her way of life will let her. Her characters are real, and if the virtuous ones are a trifle monotonous, there is among them no such prig as Robert or David. The heroine who drops so many stormy Socialist opinions on her way to that station—a lofty one—to which Providence called her lives her life in an interesting way, though, like many flesh-and-blood heroines, she is more promising in the bud than attractive in the bloom.

Taken all in all, "Marcella" is the best book Mrs. Ward has written. It has fewer artistic faults; there is a strength woven into it which she was not mistress of before; but it is also duller. How this comes about I hardly know, unless it be that Mrs. Ward has given herself in her subject large opportunities for representing stirring, stimulating action, and has refrained from using them. It is the novel of one who knows the inside of labourers' cottages well from a philanthropic point of view, of one who reads newspapers with regularity and Fabian essays with much tolerance, but who has never once been down actually into the heart of the Labour struggle.

To those who do not find Mrs. Ward comforting or comfortable, I recommend the lighter fare of "The Prisoner of Zenda," by that very vivacious writer, Mr. Anthony Hope (Arrowsmith). It is a mixture of farcical situation, tragedy, thrilling adventure, and romance, an unpromising mixture, but ingeniously compounded, and ingeniously offered you in a burst of boyish-high spirits.

Maxwell Grey has completed a new one-volume novel. It will be entitled "A Costly Freak."—A great deal has been written—much of it very little to the purpose—about Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the pre-Raphaelite movement. Still another book on the same subject has been prepared by Esther Wood, and will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. immediately.—Messrs. Bentley have almost ready for publication Lord Wolseley's elaborate "Life of the Duke of Marlborough." Immense pains have been spent on this biography.—Miss Wilkins's new novel, "Penbroke," will shortly be published in this country. It is considered in America to be much more successful than its predecessor, "Jane Field." o. o.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

AT PARTING

*Nay, do not sigh,
And sob and cry,
And say you'll die —
A fib—oh, fie!
So say "Good-bye"
And dry your eye.*



*Though hard to part
Just at the start,
Too soon the heart
Will lose the smart.*





"PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT": A DUTCHMAN'S HOLIDAY.



A MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEAST.



READING HIS POEM.

SHE: "'Sweetheart' doesn't rhyme with 'giraffe,' even if I have got a neck like that animal; and what do you mean by my 'angel lips'?"



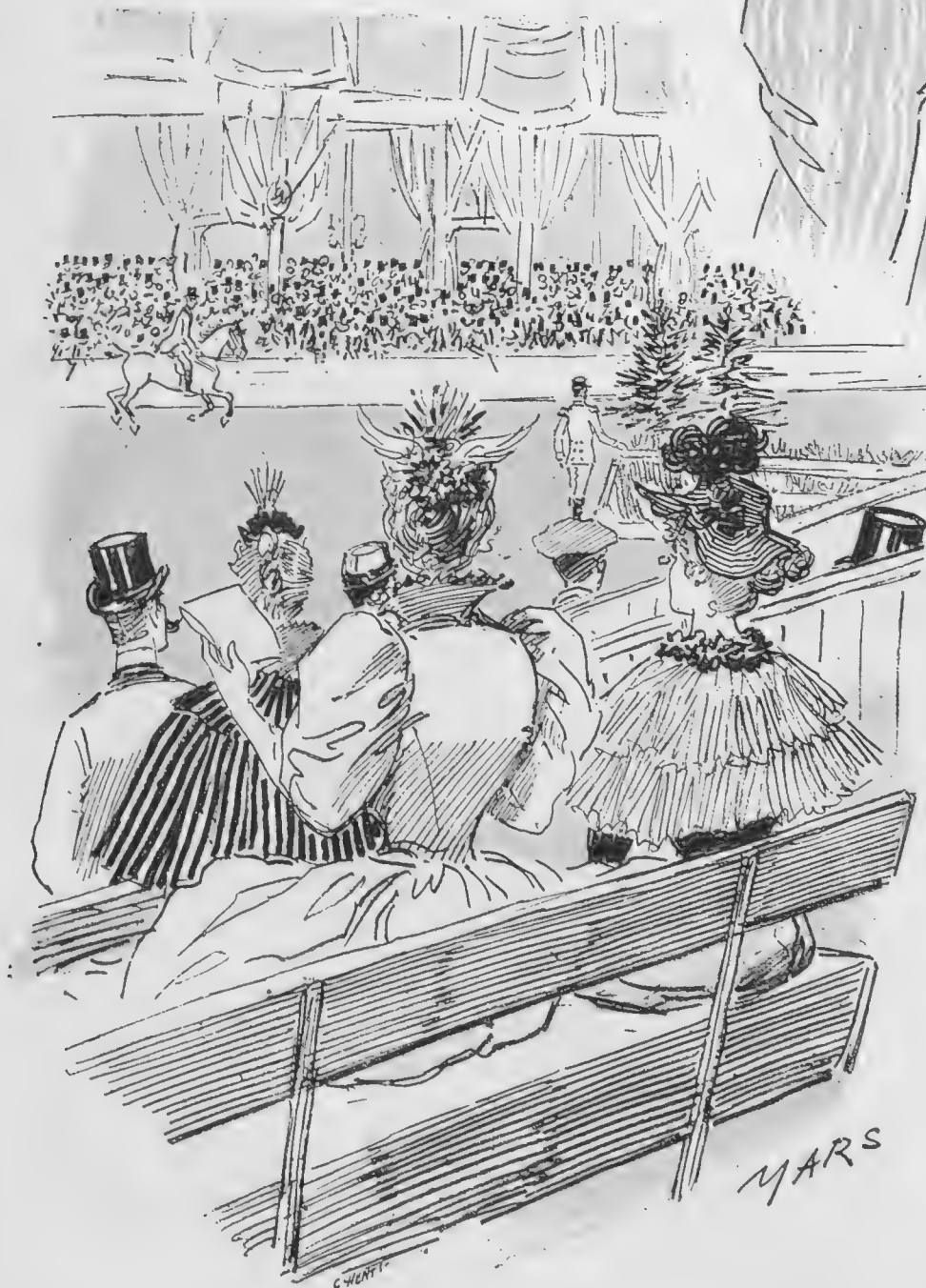
A QUIET SIPHON AFTER THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.



HIS ADMIRERS.



A CRITIC.



FAIR ENTHUSIASTS.

TYPES AT THE PARIS CONCOURS HIPPIQUE.



FAIRIES IN WAITING.

A CHAT WITH THE CHIEF INSPECTOR OF EXPLOSIVES.

I found Colonel Majendie at his pretty flat in Whitehall Court, engaged in drawing up his annual report on explosives. He has only recently come to live there, and finds it very easy of access to Scotland Yard.

"When I lived near Blackheath, the police used to be put to a great deal of trouble when they wanted me, which was a nuisance," he said.

"Most people 'wanted' by the police would not find that a nuisance," I put in.

"Well," he replied, smiling, "it was a nuisance having policemen rat-tat-tatting at your doors and windows half the night. Who do you think built this flat?"

I confessed I had not an idea.

"Why, Jabez Balfour," he laughed. "So, you see, there's one good thing he did, anyhow. Would you like to see what the rooms are like?"

I followed Colonel Majendie, and admired the extreme tidiness and good taste combined with comfort which reigned everywhere. Along



Photo by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

COLONEL MAJENDIE.

the top of a dado in the bed-room was a large collection of photographs of the choir-boys of St. Paul's Cathedral, in whose welfare he takes a kindly interest.

"Those are my young friends—my best friends," he said. "Do you care for music? I am devoted to it, especially good church music. Better abroad? Not a bit of it. I always say the best of everything is to be got in London, if you know where to go and don't mind paying for it."

We returned to the drawing-room, and the sight of the Colonel's report prompted me to ask for a short survey of the past year from his point of view.

"In this country," he replied, "it has been a singularly good year, both as regards freedom from outrages and freedom from accidents. But on the Continent it has been one of the worst years on record. For my own part, I certainly think the time has come for us to consider whether some international agreement should not be arrived at for dealing with these offences. A dynamiter, like a pirate, is an enemy of the human race, and should be treated accordingly. The first step in this direction is constant intercommunication between the police of the various countries. I am going to Paris very shortly to make some inquiries into the whole subject, with a view to the common welfare. Mind you, there is no cause for panic. Each nation has its experiences in this respect, and good may come from the interchange of them. At present the French have got rather an overstock of experiences. It seems as if these outrages had shifted their centre of gravity."

"How do you account for that?"

"Well, it is a different movement now. When the outrages were

most numerous here, they were due to the Fenians or Clan-na-Gael; now they are due to the Anarchists."

"And what object have they in view in committing these outrages?"

Colonel Majendie shrugged his shoulders.

"Their object," he replied, "seems to be to attract attention. Why did that fellow Bourdin select Greenwich Observatory? Because it is one of the places best known to the public. If he had blown up Whitehall Court, people would not have taken much notice, unless they happened to be in the neighbourhood. But if he destroyed the Tower of London, or damaged Greenwich Observatory, or any other place of world-wide reputation, he would make the thing talked about everywhere."

"I suppose you are bothered with a good many hoaxes?"

"Yes. I have noticed that whenever an outrage or attempted outrage excites attention it is always followed by a kind of reflection or shadow in the shape of hoaxes. There have been several since the Greenwich affair—as many as seven, I think, in one week. One suspicious box, it turned out, contained nothing more dangerous than figs. Then, as you may have seen, there was 'a desperate attempt to blow up Bow Street Police Station.' This was to be effected by means of some sand and some cotton wool and a blank cartridge. Another bomb proved to be a case containing peptonised cocoa, which was subsequently eaten by a little friend of mine. I tell him he is the first person who ever ate an infernal machine. One thing I should like to say, and that is that the evening papers pander to this kind of thing by making so much fuss about each hoax as it occurs. It would be so very easy to send round to me or to the head of the Criminal Investigation Department, and we would tell them at once if there was anything in it or not. They seem determined to give currency to a sensation, whether there is any foundation for it or not."

"I daresay they don't ask, because they are afraid of losing their sensation."

"In any case, they are very negligent, and they help to cause us a great deal of trouble. The other day I had to ask one of my colleagues (Captain Thomson) to go all the way to Nottingham to investigate an elaborate and ingenious hoax. I think there ought to be some law to punish the people who do such things. I know, if I caught one of them, I should try to make him feel sorry about it. The very least such people deserve is to be flogged or lynched. It isn't that one minds for one's self, but it is provoking that the public time should be wasted in that way."

"Has the Bourdin explosion been mischievous in any other way?"

"No; I really think it has been rather useful than otherwise. I won't say anything about its having rid the world of one of these scoundrels; but it has certainly shown them that there are risks in handling highly explosive substances. After this, it will be less easy, perhaps, for the Anarchists to find tools willing to carry out their behests. Then, again, the incident has been useful in evoking an emphatic demonstration of public opinion against such crimes. I am told that at Bourdin's funeral the mob would have torn the hearse and coffin to pieces if the police had not interfered. Of course, that's splendid. And then, when that man Quin tried to speak at the grave, the mob would have lynched him if they could have got hold of him. That, again, is very satisfactory."

"But surely there can have been no doubt about the unpopularity of the Anarchists?"

"Not among decent people, certainly. But the Anarchists themselves have always posed as representing the proletariat. However, this crowd was mainly drawn from the inhabitants of Lisson Grove, who cannot be accused of being over-aristocratic."

"What is your procedure when you find a suspicious parcel?"

"If it is taken to some distant police station, they send up to headquarters for one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Explosives. Of course, we have to be guided a good deal by circumstances. I have issued a confidential circular of instruction, or suggestions, on the subject, but it would not do to publish that."

"Do you always try to investigate the contents, or do you destroy a bomb unopened?"

"No; I always like to find out what it's made of. This has often proved useful in pointing to a common source of outrage. I take, too, a certain pride in not being baffled. But in some cases the only plan might be to destroy the thing. Recently, in Paris, they found a machine, and they did not know what to do with it, so they deliberately exploded it and the greater part of a house at the same time."

"But when you investigate a bomb what precautions do you take against its going off?"

"I must not tell you too much, for if you publish it I might be instructing the enemy. If they knew what precautions I took, they would know what they had to circumvent. So on this point I am sure you will excuse me if I maintain a discreet silence."

"Is it not a curious thing that so many of these attempted outrages are failures? Can they be purposely arranged to fail?"

"No; I think the people simply don't care whether they take life or not. They want to attract attention, and it does not matter to them how they do it. Their callous indifference is one of the many counts I have against them."

As I took my leave of Colonel Majendie, I could not help being impressed by the modest, unostentatious bravery with which he does his arduous duty. He served with distinction in the Crimea and the Mutiny; but, like another famous officer, he "doesn't advertise," and it is very difficult to induce him to talk about himself. On all other subjects he converses with grace and wit, and for my part I must say that I have rarely spent two hours so pleasantly or so profitably as those I passed in his company.

MR. GLADSTONE AS A BOOK-HUNTER.

A COMPOSITE BOOKSELLER INTERVIEWED.

Although the Grand Old Man has retired from office, the second-hand booksellers are hoping that he is not quite going to stop being the Grand Old Book-hunter. On this point (writes a *Sketch* "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles") I have had several chats with second-hand booksellers. They all have had Mr. Gladstone among their customers at one time or another, and all hope to sell him a good thing in literature again.

For the sake of convenience, I am throwing my little gossips anent Mr. Gladstone as a second-hand book-buyer into a single interview. This way, each of my friends will be able to take it that it is himself who is telling the story, not his friend round the corner.

"Has the G.O.M. been doing anything with the second-hand book-shops since he resigned the Premiership?"

"So far as I know, very little, for, of course, although he has more leisure, his eyes prevent him from reading as much as he used to do. By-and-by, when his eyes have recovered, he will, we are all hoping, give his old attention to the sheaves of catalogues which reach him.

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FACSIMILE OF AUTOGRAPH ORDER FOR BOOKS

WRITTEN BY MR. GLADSTONE ON ONE OF MR. MENKEN'S CATALOGUES.

What an enormous mass of these catalogues must have found their way to him during the past half-century! Enough, if they were all in existence and all together, to make, I should say, a distinctly bulky library in themselves."

"From the time he last took office until his resignation, do you happen to know if Mr. Gladstone bought many second-hand books?"

"Judging from my own experience, he did not; his accession to power filled his hands otherwise. That leads me to add that I imagine he has always been the best customer to the second-hand booksellers when out of office. Especially while forming the fine collection which has recently been housed at Hawarden, he bought a huge number of volumes. Substantially, that library was completed a few years ago."

"Now, about the G.O.M.'s methods and peculiarities, if he had any, as a book-hunter, what were they—taking the past tense, as being most concrete?"

"At one time he visited many and many a bookshop, going over the books with the most loving interest, in quest of volumes that would interest him. He would often spend an hour at a time in a shop, looking at the books and chatting on bookish affairs with the bookseller, enjoying the experience thoroughly. But this method of buying books had its disadvantages, for he would sometimes be identified, and then, before you could wink, a group of admiring and curious people had gathered outside. There is one story to the effect that once, going into a second-hand bookshop in the West End, he found such a crowd when he wanted to leave that he had really some difficulty in doing so."

"Well, that was one of his methods of buying books—to do so personally. He bought more largely, however, did he not, from the catalogue?"

"Yes; particularly in his later years. I would send him a copy of my catalogue as I got it ready every month. Did I ever omit him from my list by accident? No; you may be sure I didn't. But, as I was saying, I would send him my catalogue, always feeling that he would be certain at least to look at it. I cannot say, as a matter of fact, that his habit was to glance over every second-hand bookseller's catalogue that reached him. My own idea, though, is that he did so; and, anyhow, he had a wonderfully quick eye for a book that would interest him."

"And what kind of books would you say did most interest him?"

"I knew you would put that question, and I knew also that when you did put it I should have to make a speech to answer it. Nothing less would answer it. You're Irish, I know by your tongue. Always know an Irish tongue. If you were Scotch, I should answer your question in Scotch fashion by asking another, and it would be—What books did not interest the G.O.M.?"

"Suppose I say what books did he manifest the most marked interest in?"

"My notion is that his favourite studies have always been history and theology, by which I mean that it was books on those subjects he sought after most keenly. Historical books first, perhaps, and then theological ones; but here just let us take a sample of an actual order by him. This is one of his marked catalogues, and, one, two, three—why, thirty-six volumes in all are ticked off. The first is—what think you?—nothing more or less than a history of the Order of the Garter. The

second is a Cyclopædia of India, the third deals with the atomic theory, the fourth with volcanoes, the sixth with bookbinding, and so on. On another occasion, I remember, he had a selection of books touching such very varied subjects as alchemy and apparitions, Australasia and chiromancy, and the trials of witches. You see, therefore, that the G.O.M. has been a tremendous buyer of all sorts of books."

"Including fiction, am I to understand?"

"I hardly think he bought much of his fiction second-hand, unless, indeed, copies of the standard authors—Scott, or Thackeray, or Dickens. I'm sure it has been one of the problems of his life to know what on earth to do with all the new volumes of fiction which authors and publishers have always been sending him."

"Did he buy many books in foreign languages?"

"Very many—Italian, French, and German, and the classical languages."

"Now, was it his way to buy books for their bindings, and did he take an interest in first editions?"

"He has never, to my knowledge, been a rare-book hunter, in the sense of rare binding or a first or rare edition. He has bought books primarily which dealt with subjects that interested him. As for the first-edition craze, which, thank Heaven, is altogether on the down grade, I don't know that it ever infected him; but, while no seeker after rare bindings or first edition, he liked books he bought to be in good order. If he ordered a book that was described in the catalogue as shabby, he would direct it to be done up."

"In ordering by the catalogue, did he always return the catalogue itself marked, or did he write a note or send a post-card?"

"His practice for years was to write the numbers he had selected from the catalogue on a post-card. Then he superseded that by sending the catalogue itself marked, and herein a catalogue occasionally came into collision with the Post Office authorities. 'Please send me,' he would write, 'accompanying, on your catalogue, if subject to ten per cent. discount.' Or it might be 'if subject to the usual discount.' The Post Office people now and then nailed this down as in the nature of a letter, for which a halfpenny was not sufficient postage. I never grumbled myself about the halfpenny, and I have kept all the Old Man's post-cards and catalogues. When I put them in my window, people would come in and want to buy them; but I never sold—no, not although I have been offered considerable prices."

By way of indicating even more clearly than in words just what the G.O.M.'s book despatches are like, one is reproduced here. It was received by Mr. E. Menken, the well-known bookseller, of Bury Street.

"About that ten per cent," I resumed, "did Mr. Gladstone always demand it?"

"In buying such large numbers of books as he bought, it was a natural enough concession to ask. I have not heard of a bookseller to whom it would have occurred to refuse it. Apart from any other question, it was not every day there came around a customer who was the G.O.M."

"Have other folk, making the G.O.M. a precedent, demanded the ten per cent.?"

"I recollect a particular case: it was a clergyman. He argued that, if Mr. Gladstone got a discount, he, a clergyman, ought at least to get as much off. Somehow, clergymen are always rather troublesome as customers, although I mean no offence to them, and am always glad to see them, from bishop down to curate."

"But, probably, you would rather have the G.O.M. thumbing the volumes on your shelves again than the whole hierarchy at the same job?"

"Now, really, you don't expect me to incriminate myself with anybody. There would be no sense in it, would there? And second-hand booksellers are always sensible."

"And hopeful, as re the G.O.M.'s return to active book-hunting?"

"Undoubtedly," quoth my friend, and I came my way.

MODERN MATE S.

"Shall we mate?" said Mr. Cuckoo.

"Yes; most certainly," said she.

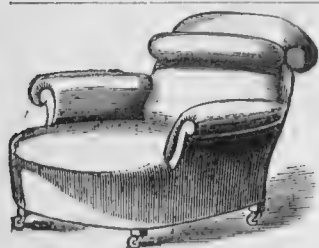
Then they fixed that their arrangements
Quite on modern lines should be.

They must have no settled dwelling,
Lest their tastes should not agree;
It would make it easier parting,
"Best for you and best for me."

They must each be quite untrammelled,
Each must do just as each will,
Each provide a little income,
Each one pay a little bill.

And if, during these arrangements,
Little cuckoos chance to come,
Put them out to nurse, and have them
Educated at a "Home."

H. M. W.



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WHAT EMPEROR WAS THIS?

He was one of the greatest monarchs that ever ruled in Europe. He was always at war, yet—but wait; let us take one thing at a time.

He was an enormous eater. He breakfasted at five, on a fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. After this he went to sleep again. He dined at twelve, always partaking of twenty dishes. He supped twice; first early in the evening, and again about one o'clock, the latter the most solid meal of the four. After meat he eat a great quantity of pastry and sweets, washing them down with vast draughts of beer and wine. Then he would gorge himself on sardine omelettes, fried sausages, eel pies, pickled partridges, fat capons, &c.

Finally he abdicated, did this omnivorous Emperor, and a friendly courtier thus described the power that compelled him to do it: "Tis a most truculent executioner," said the orator; "it invades the whole body from head to foot. It contracts the nerves with anguish; it freezes the marrow; it converts the fluids of the joints into chalk, and pauses not until it has exhausted the body and conquered the mind by immense torture."

He was crippled in the neck, arms, knees, and hands, and covered with chronic skin eruptions; while his stomach occasioned him constant suffering. He was a wreck at an age when he should still have been active and vigorous.

This is not fiction, it is history; without a syllable of exaggeration. How many of our

readers will write and tell us what man this was? A thousand, no doubt.

Alack-a-day! however. Not kings and emperors alone are thus afflicted. Great hosts of us travel the same road. We are not usually gluttons as this royal gentleman was, but people who eat sparingly often have the same malady. Commonly they inherit a tendency to it. On the level of this dreadful disease the rich and the poor, the great and the small, meet together.

Speaking of an experience of her own, a woman says: "My hands became stiff and numb. There seemed to be no feeling in them. I was so crippled that I could not even cut a round of bread. A little later it attacked my legs and feet, the soles of the latter being very tender and sore. The pain was so severe that I often sat down and cried on account of my sufferings and my helplessness. I used rubbing oils and embrocations, but got no relief. In this way I went on month after month, never expecting to be well again. I felt the first signs of illness in February 1889. At first I had merely a bad taste in the mouth, no appetite, and was low, tired, and languid. Following this came the agonies of rheumatism, as I have said. I owe my recovery to a suggestion of my husband's. He advised me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and got me a bottle from Mr. W. Simpson's, in North Street. After taking it for a fortnight my hands got their right feeling, and I suffered no more from rheumatism nor from indigestion and dyspepsia, which I now understand to be the cause of rheumatism. From

that time to this I have been in the best of health. (Signed) (Mrs.) Elizabeth Ann Cook, Southwell Lane, North Street, Horncastle, Lincolnshire, Feb. 1, 1893."

"In the year 1879," writes another, "rheumatism attacked me, one joint after another. The pains were all over me, although the worst was in one knee. For two years I suffered with it—the doctor's medicines doing no good. In 1881 I read in a little book that rheumatism was caused by indigestion and dyspepsia, and that the true cure for it was Mother Seigel's Syrup. This proved to be true, as after taking three bottles I knew no more of stomach disorder or rheumatism. I have since recommended this wonderful remedy to hundreds of persons. (Signed) (Mrs.) E. Schefield, 10, West Hill, Southampton Street, Reading, Oct. 26, 1892."

The great Emperor was driven to abdication by rheumatism and gout, caused by his ruined digestive powers. His outraged stomach filled him with poison from top to toe. Yet he never lost his appetite, which was all the worse for him. Not long afterwards he died, having asthma and gravel, with the other consequences of dyspepsia. But one needs not to be a gourmand to have dyspepsia, with its trailing troubles. Any one of fifty causes may provoke it. Watch out for the earliest symptoms and arrest them at once by using the Syrup. It stops the mischief on the spot where it begins, and then purifies the blood.

By the aid of common sense and Mother Seigel the Emperor might have stayed on his throne, might he not?

Yes, but unluckily she wasn't born in time to help him.

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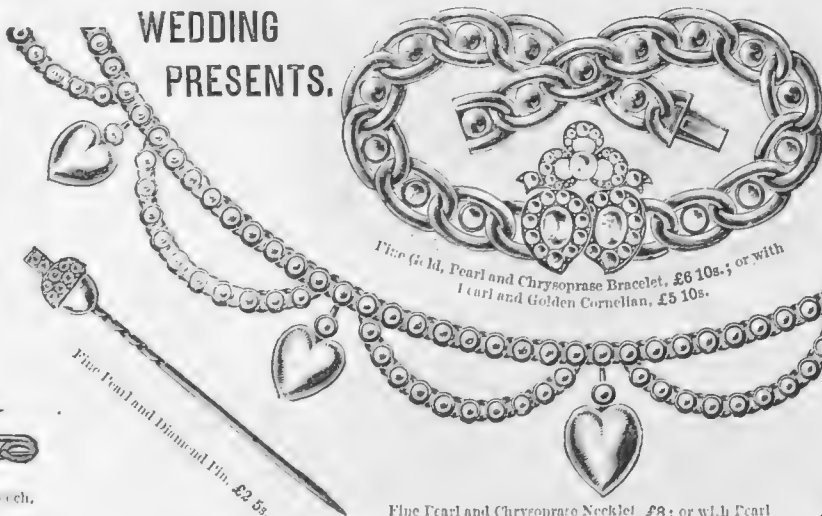
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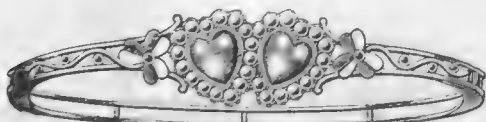
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Fine Pearl and Chrysoprase Bracelet, price £4; or with Pearl and Golden Cornelian, £3 10s.

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Fine Chrysoprase and Pearl Bracelet, price £4 15s.

THE JUBILEE OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Fifty years have passed since the foundation of the Ragged School Union, and in this time a transformation has been worked in many a slum and alley of the Metropolis. The impetus, too, which the Union has given in the field of general philanthropy must also be considered as part of the splendid results which have followed this answer to the Cry

of the Children. The mention of the Ragged School Union immediately recalls the name of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, who maintained his deep interest in it until his death. Before "slumming" had been dignified into a fashion, Lord Shaftesbury devoted his energy to acquainting himself with the condition of London waifs,

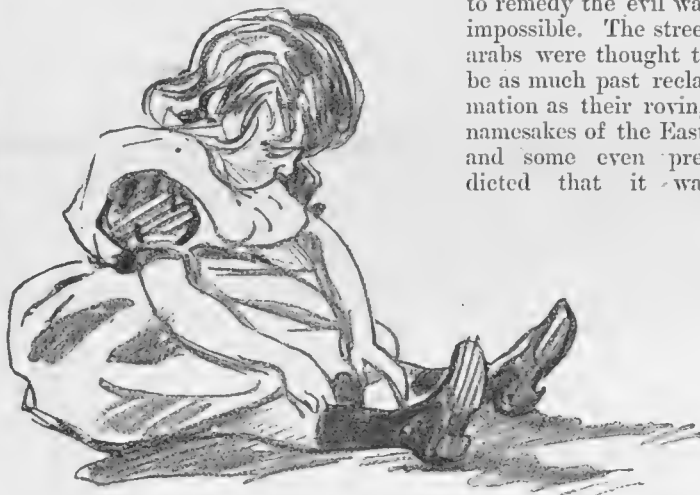


A CITY WAIF.

and to him no thrilling narrative of "How the Poor Live" could come as startling news. He knew London as thoroughly as many an inspector of the police. Lord Shaftesbury became the first President of the Union, and never wavered in his belief in the great work it could and did accomplish. When the Union started, in the year 1844, the gross population of England and Wales was about 16½ millions, and, leaving the summary convictions of the police courts out of the reckoning, 14,969 were imprisoned after trial by indictment, and 3651 were sentenced to transportation or penal servitude. In 1892, when the population had risen to nearly 29½ millions, the cases of imprisonment or indictment had fallen to 7780, and the penal servitude cases to 896. The welcome falling-off is more particularly apparent "in those classes of crime which are committed by habitual criminals." Then the fact that the number of first convictions, which were 109,916 in 1883, fell to 93,390 in 1892, is enough to convince the Prison

Commissioners that "the criminal ranks are not being filled up by fresh recruits." In the ten years ending in 1893 the prison population had fallen from 17,876 to 13,178. These figures are given because the work of the Ragged School Union pioneers was emphatically a crusade against crime. The schools in which the scholars were first collected were purposely set up in the most squalid quarters, not only to collect children who ran wild about the town—they were the avowed rivals of other schools in which criminal arts were systematically taught by adult experts in crime. In themselves, the city arabs, as they came to be called, were an ugly symptom, arising from the neglect of generations. They had come to be a plague to themselves, a nuisance to all decent people who had business in the London thoroughfares, and a growing perplexity to the police authorities and governors of prisons. To teach and fit them for some useful place in life was practically utilising what had been so much waste material; but there were those who had misgivings as to the wisdom of the experiment. It was thought that an outcast population was inevitable in all

great towns, and that to remedy the evil was impossible. The street arabs were thought to be as much past reclamation as their roving namesakes of the East, and some even predicted that it was



TIED OUT.

actually dangerous to bring them together: so that, while seeking friends on the one hand, the teachers had to act on the defensive on the other.

The Shoeblack Brigade was one of the early departments of ragged school work. It owed its origin to Mr. John Macgregor in 1851, and has since then become a recognised institution in this country and in the United States. The holiday homes, which are always full of sick children, have also received the flattery of imitation, and poor cripples are special protégés of the Union. The Earl of Aberdeen succeeded Lord Shaftesbury in the presidency, and on his departure for Canada his place was taken by Earl Compton, M.P.

No better definition of the scope of work undertaken by the Ragged School Union could be given than the epigrammatic reply of the late Judge Joseph Payne, who was indefatigable on behalf of the society: "It is a union of all stations, a union of all locations, a union of relations, and a union of all denominations. It rescues sinners, it relieves suffering, it reforms society, it renounces itself, it rejects superstition, it recommends the Scriptures, it refutes slanders, it records successes, it renews its strength, it requires support, and it requests subscriptions."

Special attention to the last three words will be greatly esteemed by the secretary of the Ragged School Union, Mr. John Kirk, whose address is 37, Norfolk Street, Strand.

Last Friday the Jubilee Festival was celebrated in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, which will apparently share with Exeter Hall the May meetings already commencing. As an inducement to the liberality so much desired on behalf of the Ragged School Union, her Royal Highness Princess Christian graciously consented to receive purses from the schools and missions. This is one of the many instances of interest which has been so often exhibited in the Union by members of the Royal Family. Few objects in London merit so sincerely generosity.



QUITE RESPECTABLE.



"NOTHING LIKE PORRIDGE."



THE HUMBLE, NECESSARY SHOEBLACK.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

GOLF.

Herd, of Huddersfield, is the hero of the hour. Ma conscience! to think that Sandy Herd, the auld St. Andrews laddie, should beat the *élite* of two nations, amateurs and professionals alike, at Machrihanish. Huddersfield people are as pleased as if he were a native born and bred, but the guid folk of St. Andrews claim all the glory. Rumour is already rife dealing out championship honours to Herd, but, though he won in weather foul and weather fair at Machrihanish, it's a far cry to Hoylake and the championships. Still, of course, one never knows.

A few words about Herd's progress in the great game of "gowf" will be appropriate enough now and here. He first distinguished himself by finishing second to Willie Park in 1892 at the Bridge of Weir, and in the same year he took second place at the Muirfield Championship. He got a first at Kilmalcolm in the following year, and, later, he finished third at Prestwick and fourth at Musselburgh. "His great performance during this year of grace in the tournament at Machrihanish," says Mr. H. H. Hilton, "is undoubtedly the most brilliant of the series, and stamps him as the finest score player of the day. What he would do in

E. B. Alexander.
R. M. Holland.

C. E. Browne.
R. M. Bird.

N. Reid.
W. A. Waterlow.

A. Letter.

C. B. Pike.
L. H. Badcock.



A. B. Cipriani. H. Alexander. G. Reiss. T. L. Jackson.
J. N. Hill. (Capt.) W. Mortimer. G. L. Cochrane.

Photo by C. F. Fay, Frankfurt.

a hand-to-hand encounter with some of his brother professionals it is hard to say, as he has never yet been tested; but there is no reason why he should not be equally successful in this style of play, as he has in the past amply proved himself to be in the scoring department. He has been rather unfortunate in past championships, having on the last two occasions had at one time or other an excellent chance. His prospects, however, of obtaining the summit of golfing ambition were never brighter than at the present moment, and I for one shall not be surprised if at Sandwich, in June, he improves upon his position of second in 1892."

Judging from the form of Auchterlonie, the open champion at Machrihanish, where he finished eighth on each day, it does not appear as if he would retain his present position.

Oh, fie, Tayport! By a sweeping resolution, the members of this club have declined to open the club or the course to ladies. And yet the club continues to flourish!

At Carnoustie, where I have been sojourning for a week or two, the caddies are awful despots, and indulge in all sorts of "language" when you don't play according to Cocker. Although you employ them, they are your master, and are not slow to give you a piece of their mind. "Damn ye, lift turf!" is their gentle admonition when they want you to get under the ball.

I heard a good story the other day, which tells its own tale of the fascination of the game. A retired clergyman, a power in the Kirk, who was deploring the tendency of the game to become the ruling passion, besides leading to bad language, said to a golfing friend, "In fact, I had to give it up." "Give up golf?" said the horror-stricken friend. "Oh, no!" quoth the minister, "I mean I had to give up the Kirk."

It is said that F. G. Tait may yet compete in the amateur championship.

If the St. Andrews Links Bill becomes law, a new course will be laid out for the Royal Ancient Club. I hear that the expenses connected with the Bill while the case is proceeding in London is close on £1000 a-day. Golfers must be a wealthy body.

CRICKET.

H. H. Castens, who captains the South African cricketers now on their way to our shores, is an old Oxonian, and was tried several times in the 'Varsity eleven, without, however, acquiring the coveted Blue. He is a good wicket-keeper, and almost as ponderous as Sherwin. He bats freely and makes a smart man in the slips. C. Johnstone is the only other 'Varsity man in the team. He was captain of the Dublin University eleven, and is known as a good all-round man, being brilliant in the field.

In the Moderations Classical Honours List just published at Oxford, I notice the name of Gilbert O. Smith, of Keble, who recently played for the Carthusians. I offer congratulations to the Old Carthusian and International. "G. O." are very appropriate initials. The best athletes seem to do well in the schools. Witness C. B. Fry, the incomparable, and C. M. Wells. The latter took a first in the Classical Tripos at Cambridge, and the former a first in Moderations at Oxford last year.

FOOTBALL.

It is pleasant to transfer one's attention from the dying game in England to the record of an English Rugby Club while touring in Germany. The team left the shores of Albion on April 6 for Frankfurt, at which city their head-quarters were made, and very little time was allowed to intervene before the oval was set in motion. The Englishmen played and won four matches, as follow—

April 8, v. Frankfurt, at Frankfurt. Won by two goals to nil.

April 9, v. Neuenheim College, at Heidelberg. Won by one goal and three tries to one goal.

April 11, v. South Germany, at Frankfurt. Won by two goals and two tries to one try.

April 12, v. South-West Germany (under Association Rules). Won by three goals to nil.

It was a most enjoyable tour, but the football was rather spoilt by the hard grounds and the extremely hot weather. The sporters

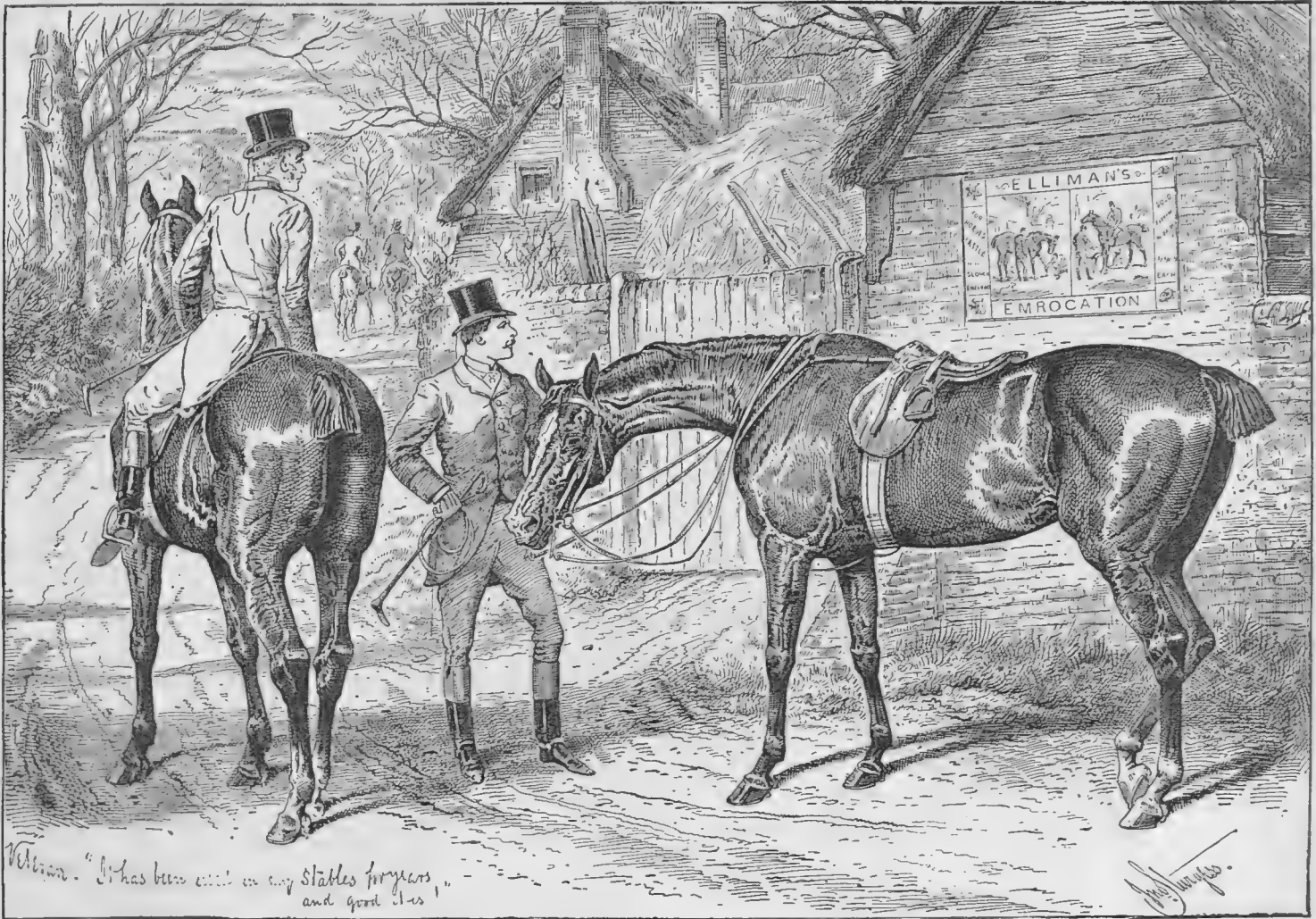
of the Fatherland have a lot to learn under both codes, their passing and kicking being very weak; but, considering the few chances obtainable of seeing and playing in a good match, their performances were, to say the least, very creditable.

CYCLING.

"Zimmerman sails for Europe to-day." Such was the bare, yet significant, statement contained in a recent issue of the daily papers, and it is now generally understood that the great American rider will set his face towards professionalism. The fleshpots of Europe, which enticed so prominent a rider as Zimmerman, must contain a valuable hash, and if we are to believe one-tenth of the wild words which have been spoken concerning French overtures, the American will be amply recompensed for leaving his old home during the coming season. It would be interesting to hear Zimmerman's opinion on professionalism, now that he has found salvation himself. Next year we must not be surprised to find Arthur Augustus on the shores of England again, in spite of Dr. Turner and the N.C.U.

The Hospital Saturday Fund Sports, to be held at Herne Hill on May 26, are being pushed forward with much celerity, and the Lord Mayor himself presided over a recent meeting at the Mansion House in connection with the forthcoming arrangements. I am glad to state that Mr. Boyce, the secretary of the cycling department, has reconsidered his determination to resign. Although business will call him away from London before the sports are decided, he will retain his secretaryship, at the urgent request of many friends. During the last twelve months no man has worked harder for the Hospital Fund than Mr. Boyce, and the tribute is all the more deserving because he has done it in a quiet and unobtrusive manner.

OLYMPIAN.



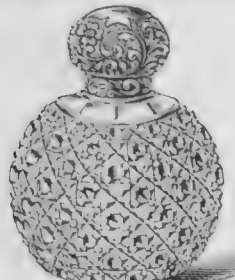
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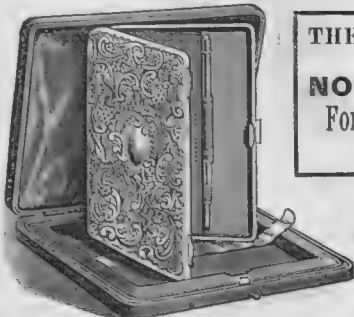
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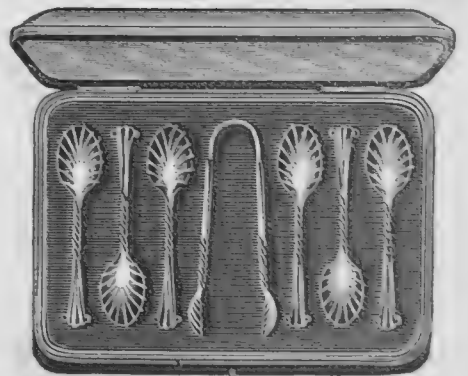
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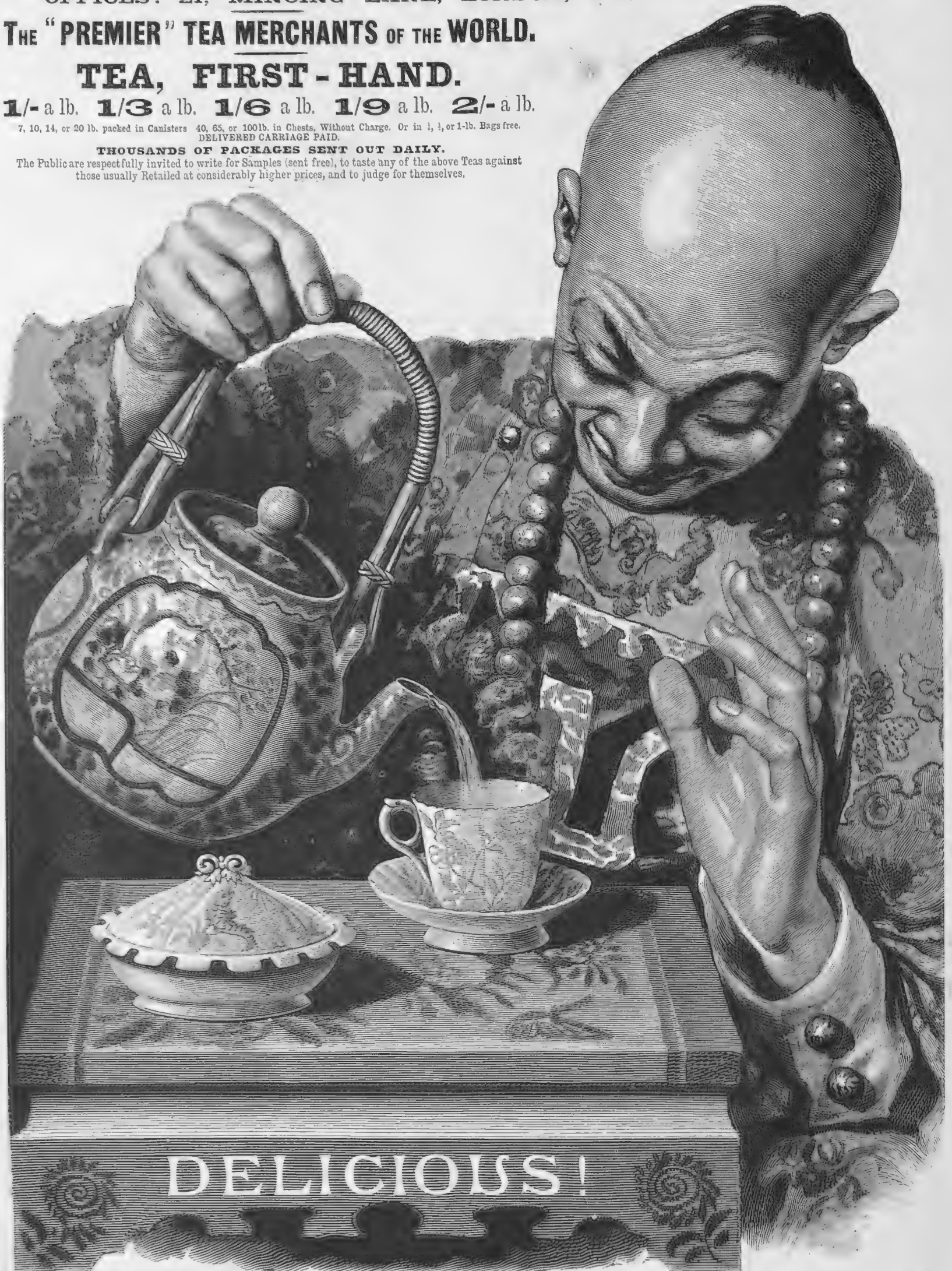
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PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Lord Rosebery has been attending the House of Commons debates a good deal lately, and the fact has been remarked on as a great contrast to Lord Salisbury's practice of never going near the Lower House. The Prime Minister, some say, looks on from the gallery in envy of those non-hereditary legislators who have the proud privilege of sitting among a majority of their party. But the truth more probably is that there is no sentimental reason for Lord Rosebery's interest in the House of Commons proceedings, but a practical one. In his speech at Edinburgh he alluded prominently (and it was rather odd that nobody took any notice of it) to the need of reforming procedure in the House of Commons. It is no secret that Lord Rosebery hated the way in which the Home Rule Bill was forced through, and he is, no doubt, anxious that, supposing his own party do not desert him, the Opposition shall not be able to force the Government into similar tactics over the Budget and the Registration Bill. Lord Rosebery's reflections in the gallery probably centre round the question of reforming House of Commons procedure—in what direction I cannot suggest. But, being a far-sighted man, he knows that the real difficulty in politics just now is how to govern with a small majority, and make that small majority effective against a powerful Opposition. The sillier Radicals think that if the House of Lords were cleared away they could do as they liked; but Lord Rosebery knows that such a course would only concentrate and strengthen the opposition in the popular chamber. The question of reform in procedure is, therefore, a far more important and a much easier matter than the ending of the House of Lords, and the Prime Minister is wisely making himself acquainted as best he can with the practical working of business in the House of Commons. He is not the man to leave such a question entirely to his House of Commons colleagues.

THE BUDGET.

The Budget is clever, very clever, and will, I think, be taken to mark an epoch, if only for the graduation of the death duties, which, with its consequences, introduces a new precedent in taxation. It is difficult to say whether it will be a popular or successful Budget. The income-tax payers on incomes under £500 will, of course, like it; but the "poor working-man," who fails to get his "free breakfast-table," and gets, instead, an extra duty on beer and spirits—that is, an inferior article or a more costly—has no particular reason to be excited one way or the other. The landed interest, on the other hand, has not been conciliated by the remissions in the property-tax, and resents extremely the heavier graduated impost on real estate. The judgment of old hands on the Budget seems to be that it has come in like a lamb, and will probably go out like a lion, most Parliamentary danger being threatened by the new liquor duties.

UNIONIST SLACKNESS.

Some of the Conservatives seem to have forgotten that they are persons of any importance just now; otherwise, how could it have been that the Government scored a majority of 33 on the Scotch Grand Committee debate on one day and 60 on the repeal of the Crimes Act on another? I mention this in order to remind certain peccant M.P.'s that every journalistic eye is on them, and for their own sake I should not like to encumber *The Sketch* with a "black list," though it might look very pretty and effective with accompanying illustrations by Dudley Hardy or Phil May.

THE EVICTED TENANTS BILL.

Last week was full of interesting Parliamentary matter; but I must pass over the remaining debate on the Scotch Committee and Mr. Morton's banal motion about the Duke of Coburg's allowance. More important is the question of the Evicted Tenants Bill. What has to be grasped *in limine* is that the really dangerous Irish members no more want to have their grievances in the matter of the evicted tenants taken away from them, and the whole thing settled in a statesmanlike manner, than they wanted Home Rule to pass. All these Othellos would then have no occupation. The other point to be grasped *in limine* is that, apart from the way in which the problem has arisen, the number of evicted tenants in Ireland now constitutes a social danger which ought to be removed in some statesmanlike way, if possible. It is natural for Irish landlords to dislike legislation in favour of men who refused to pay just rent, and preferred paying the money into Land League coffers. But England's duty is to stand between the Irish parties in the interests of social peace, and if Mr. Morley would only remain as moderate and statesmanlike as he was in introducing his Bill on Thursday he might look for considerable assistance from a large part of the Conservative party. What is, however, of importance to note is that the Bill has been denounced at once by the Redmondites, and if Mr. Dillon and Mr. Sexton are more cautious at the outset, I would not answer for their not trying to amend the Bill so as to take away its *prima facie* equitable character; but if an Irish section persists in hostility the Bill becomes obviously useless. If the Bill would bring peace to Ireland, Conservatives might give it a careful hearing; but if it settles nothing, and does not prevent the more truculent Home Rulers from acting as if nothing had been done, the prospects of Mr. Morley's latest bantling are not very bright. Mr. Harrington declared in his place that he meant to get such tenants as would take his advice to hold out, and not take advantage of the Bill. What is the good of conciliating open enemies of this sort?

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The week has been a week of triumph for the Government so far as its policy and tactics are concerned. The success has come none too soon after the discouraging events of the last few weeks. There has been a good division on Mr. Balfour's motion on the Scotch Grand Committee, followed by a majority of 60 on Colonel Nolan's Bill for repealing coercion, and there has been a great Budget. No measure of policy has hit the Opposition so hard as the Budget. One hears from all sides accounts of its popularity. Said a member to me, "I have a Tory station-master in my constituency who is going to vote Liberal because the Budget exempts him from taxation." The City clerk, the struggling professional man, and generally the black-coated proletariat, all profit by the rearrangement of the income-tax. If this is popular, the equalisation of the death duties is equally so. Somehow, no one cares for the millionaire, and if a man who leaves over a million of money is compelled to set aside £80,000 of it for the use of the State there are not one hundred Englishmen who will oppose such an arrangement. In a word, the Budget has strengthened the good feeling among non-political Englishmen which Lord Rosebery's Government has always enjoyed.

WILL IT PASS?

The next question is, Will the Budget pass? I think it will, for many good reasons, though it has formidable enemies. There are the country landlords, who call equalisation of the death duties robbery. There are the brewers, some of whom calculate that the new beer and spirit duties will take some thousands a year off their profits, and, above all, there are the nine Redmondites, whose votes, counting 18 on a division, are so necessary to the Government, and who may not improbably decide to vote against that part of the Budget which touches the whisky duty. However, it is possible that they may be conciliated by Sir William Harcourt's promise that the new duties shall last only one year, and that meanwhile the whole financial relations between England and Ireland shall be considered. But they are in a tight place. They owe their election and their election funds very largely to the publican interest. Brewing and distilling are the two trades which are most prosperous in Nationalist Ireland. Dublin has the biggest brewery in the world, and no one who has been to Ireland can fail to recognise the tremendous, nay, the terrible power which the drink interest exercises in every town in Ireland. The public-house and the grocer's store are the centres of political gossip, agitation, and, indeed, of the greater part of the social life of the place. If the liquor interest chooses to organise itself against the whisky duties, then there will be trouble and danger ahead. But there is, after all, one safeguard. Even if the Tories were confident of coming back to power, which they are not, they would hesitate to do so under the condition that they were to make good a deficit of 4½ millions. How on earth could they raise the money? They would have to put up the tea duties, or raise the income-tax, or choose between half-a-dozen other equally unpopular proposals. For these reasons, I believe the Budget will be carried.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S SPEECH.

Sir William Harcourt's speech in introducing a very great and extremely complicated proposal was not, perhaps, a very brilliant one; but it was a masterly exhibition of clear exposition of finance. I have never cared much for Mr. Goschen's Budgets. The overloading of detail; the terrible hacking voice; the over-emphatic manner, and the over-ingenious arguments always seemed to me to take from the general effect of his statement. I never heard one of the great Gladstonian Budgets, and the later efforts of the great financier were not remarkable. Sir Stafford Northcote was dull and clear, and the same may be said of Mr. Childers. But none of these men had such a task as Sir William successfully accomplished the other night. His manner was, as usual, rather funereal, and most of his speech, not even excepting the rhetorical portions of it, was read. Nevertheless, the general effect was admirable. There is no such complicated department of our finance as the death duties, but I think that when Sir William finished his exposition everybody understood the changes he had made and the system which they replaced. It was rather amusing, moreover, to see how constantly he scored off Mr. Goschen. For nearly all the chief innovations in the Budget he had got cut-and-dried texts from some of Mr. Goschen's old speeches, and he fired these off, very much to the discomfort of his old antagonist. The speech lasted two hours and forty minutes, and though I listened to it in every imaginable discomfort, it retained its interest for me to the last.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S DECLINE.

There has been one feature of the recent debates which everybody has noticed, and that is Mr. Chamberlain's decline. It was especially remarkable in the speech which he delivered on the Scotch Grand Committee. Mr. Chamberlain did what I had never before known the leader of a party attempt to do, and that is talk for the mere sake of talking. Mr. Chamberlain's object was to prevent the Government making progress with their motion. To that purpose he talked for an hour and forty minutes, when he could have packed everything he had to say into a crisp speech of half an hour. The result was lamentable. You had a bitter, garrulous, involved harangue, full of repetition, redundancies, and roundabout and self-contradictory arguments. It was mechanically forcible, but it had no real strength. It marked, I think, the lowest intellectual point Mr. Chamberlain has reached since he became a Parliamentary figure of first-rate importance.

A CHAT WITH VANONI.

"Have you seen Vanoni? She's back at the Empire," said the man in the street to me. Of course, I went to the Empire that evening. As I watched her doing a weird, detestably fascinating dance in her gorgeous costume—canary-coloured silk frock, short skirts with holly leaves and berries embroidered, flamingo-red silk mittens and stockings with gold clocks, a quaint red-and-yellow bonnet, red ribbons in the huge puffed sleeves, yellow silk petticoats with red ribbons: the whole vivid, gay, and not inharmonious—I wondered wherein lay the indisputable



Photo by Warwick and Brookis, Manchester.

MDLLE. VANONI.

charm of a performance frankly vulgar and grotesque, and resolved to ask her. So I listened to the three songs in which she showed herself now a singer with a polished style and pretty voice, and now a *diseuse* with tones like those of a night cabman, and watched the mad dances that would be revolting were they not startlingly clever and inimitable in their strangeness and horrible humour.

"You can come now and have a chat with her," said the amiable Mr. Slater. "Do you speak French well?"

"I have been ill over a hundred times on the Channel," I answered proudly; "but doesn't she speak English?"

"Perfectly," he answered, with a grim little smile. "Now keep your eyes open, or the scene-shifters will kill you."

When I reached Vanoni's dressing-room, I found her fanning herself with a folded towel.

"Yes; it's dreadfully hot, and I don't want to catch cold; but now I'll tell you all about myself."

Then she let off a rapidly uttered autobiography, to which I did not listen, as I was studying her appearance.

"Now, if you please, where were you born?—Oh! I haven't been listening, only looking."

"Oh! very well, in America—say Canada, if you like, as we're in England. Yes, that's why I speak English so well; but I also speak French, Italian, Spanish, and German. I began dancing in the ballet when I was only seven, and was taught by Ronzani, of New York. I got on famously. There was talent in my family—a pretty big one, too. I had sixteen brothers and sisters, and there are eleven of us still alive."

"And high-kicking?"

"Oh, no; not all of us at that. When I got to be fifteen I left off dancing. When Strakosch heard my voice, he advised me to learn singing, so I took lessons from Muria Cilli, and went in for *opéra bouffe*, starting with 'Orphée aux Enfers.' I did a good deal of that class of work.

Don't you remember me at the Avenue in 'Nadgy' and 'Launcelot the Lovely'?"

"Rather," I answered; "I don't think anyone who saw you will forget it."

"But I got tired of that class of work, and gave it up for my present line. It's much better business; you get paid quite as well, or better, and there's not a quarter of the work."

Then I added, "Moreover, comic operas are often failures, but Vanoni never is."

"Oh! you can put that down," she said.

She is not quite right, however. Her work is very heavy; it really means putting into ten minutes the "go," the vitality that would suffice for a long comic opera part. It is this concentration of force which makes her so successful that the Empire pays her £60 a-week for three songs of an evening—a fact that I learnt from Mr. Hitchens.

"I have sung in Berlin and at the Eldorado in Paris. I like England best both to live and work in. As for work, it's the blessed Sunday rest that makes London so delightful. Why, even in America I sang every Sunday at Koster and Bial's Hall, New York. Besides, I like the people in England, and I've heaps of good friends here, and the London music-halls are the finest in the world. French music-halls? Well, the actual singing is better there, as a rule, than here, but the rest of the entertainment is best in England. Still, you've some splendid artists, such as Marie Lloyd and Jenny Hill. I can see them any number of times, and laugh each time. Do I bother about diet? Not a bit: I eat and drink what I like and when I like. Yes; I've got some new songs, but they don't seem tired of the old ones, do they? The French songs take best, the music is so gay. I don't suppose they all follow the words, but they guess pretty well from my gestures."

"You are a stamp collector, I've heard?"

"I'm just crazy on stamps. I'd like you to see my collection. I spend all my salary buying them, to say nothing of those I get given to me. I guess I've £2000 worth."

I have seen them since, and believe that she appraises her collection justly, for it includes hundreds of dollars' worth of unused current varieties.

MONOCLE.

A SCHOOLBOYS' FOOTBALL SHIELD.

Not long ago there were several school football associations in various parts of the Metropolis; these have now been amalgamated into one body under the title of "The London Schools Football Association," under the presidency of Lord Kinnaird. Each association still retains its own local trophies to be competed for by individual schools, and from



each association an eleven is chosen to compete for the perpetual challenge shield presented by the Corinthian F.C. and for the Schools Championship of London. The final between the South London Schools F.A. and Woolwich Schools F.A. took place on Saturday. The challenge shield was made by Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

NOTE.

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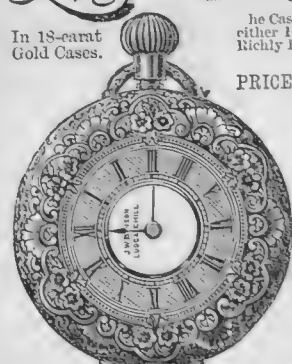
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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE DRESSES FOR THE ROYAL BRIDE.

To allow a royal wedding to pass by without touching on the all-important subject of the gowns would be a piece of almost criminal carelessness in the eyes of most women, so, as space is a consideration this week, we will waste no time in useless preambles, but plunge at once into the subject in hand, starting, as in duty bound, with the wedding dress which Princess Victoria Melita of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha wore on Thursday last, when she was married to the Grand Duke of Hesse. The material was the richest ivory-white corded silk, and the whole dress was

Next in order of importance comes the gown for the new Grand Duchess to wear on her entry into Darmstadt. It was of pale shell-pink cloth, the skirt bordered with an appliqué of black net, on which appeared an embroidery of butterflies in silver sequins and soft-hued silks—the colours including pale blue, gold, and black—single butterflies embroidered to match being scattered over the cloth skirt. The bodice was cut in points to show the embroidery beneath, and had a folded collar of miroir velvet, the yoke and cuffs being of the embroidered net appliqué. The coat to be worn with this dress had a high collar and draped revers, studded with butterflies, and bordered with an appliqué of the net, a jabot of exquisite old lace being placed at the throat in front.



THE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU.

trimmed with wonderful pearl embroidery in an appropriate design of true-lovers' knots and orange-blossoms, the deep band which bordered the skirt and train being headed with trails of orange-blossoms, and the bodice, which was cut low, having little shoulder capes of net, closely covered with pearls, the short sleeves being finished with frills of the same net. Thousands and thousands of pearls were used on the dress, and the result certainly repaid all the labour, and reflected the greatest credit on Madame Maynier, of 9, Wigmore Street, who designed and executed the entire trousseau, as she had previously done in the case of the bride's sister, Princess Marie, now Crown Princess of Roumania. The cape to wear over the wedding dress on the drive before and after the ceremony was of the same rich silk, enriched with silver embroidery of frost-like delicacy, while it was trimmed with a ruche of curled white ostrich feathers, which bordered the collar and the front.

The going-away dress, which was of delicate greyish-blue material, was also distinguished by exquisite and elaborate embroidery, the skirt being ornamented in front with tapering sprays of pink roses and shaded forget-me-nots, embroidered in natural shades of silk. The zouave bodice was embroidered to match, and had a full vest of shot silk, while the embroidery again appeared on the pelerine, which was finished with little epaulettes formed of many rows of silk fringe matching the dress in colour.

I have had these three gowns sketched for you, as they are of such special interest, and I think that before embarking on an attempt to describe some of the almost numberless trousseau gowns I had better tell you about the other dresses sketched. One for race or garden party wear is of pale mauve satin, with a small design in white, and dotted over with black pin spots. The full, plain skirt is bordered with a frill of satin striped chiffon, a similar frill put squarely over the shoulders and round the bust, the collar being also covered with chiffon, which is shirred to form the lower parts of the sleeves, the upper part being composed of two puffings of satin, held in by a band of black net embroidered with jet sequins. The lower part of the corsage is entirely covered with the jetted net, which has a very pretty effect. The charming little theatre dress is of pale blue satin, with narrow stripes of white moiré. The bodice is held in by crossed bands of white moiré ribbon, which have a most becoming effect upon the figure, the berthe being of white chiffon, caught here and there with moiré bows. The sleeves are particularly pretty, and are composed of a loosely-falling frill, or rather cape, of the satin, opening over a full puffing of chiffon, with embroidered edges, while the skirt is trimmed with butterfly bows of moiré and chiffon.

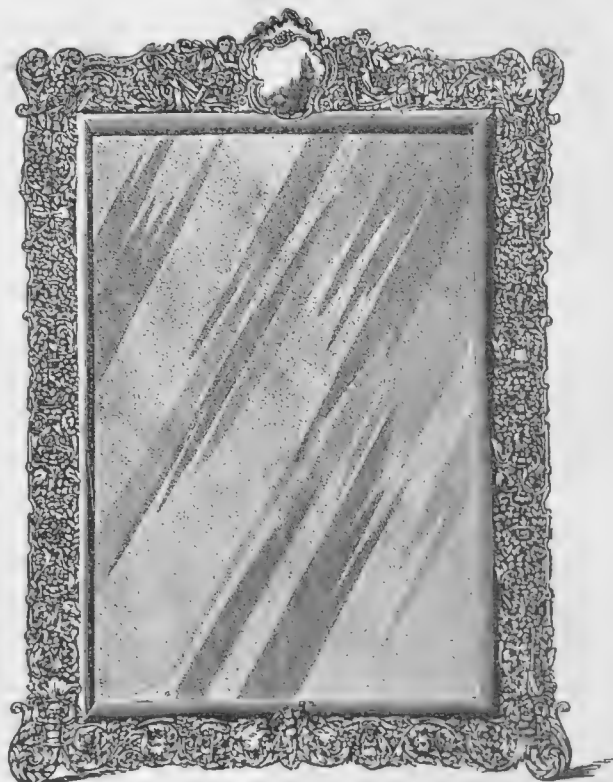
The day gown, which is very smart, is of the finest satin cloth in a pale shade of heliotrope, with a floral broché design in tender

leaf-green. The bodice, which is in zouave form, has slightly full side basques and a waistband of black silk braid, fastened with a silver buckle, the vest being of pale green silk, and the deep turned-down collar and revers being bordered with an appliqué of cream guipure. The skirt, which is quite plain, is simply trimmed with two tiny flounces, the underneath one being of green and the top one of mauve cloth. The evening gown is simply exquisite, and this, again, is ornamented with the wonderful embroidery which makes the Princess's trousseau an entirely unique one. It is of white moiré, with a satin stripe and a design of shadowy pink moss roses and buds, the skirt in front being trimmed with a broad appliqué band of tender green velvet, with openwork embroidery in a design of ostrich feathers carried out in delicate shades of pink and green silk and tiny sequins, and showing a lining of pink beneath it. The appliqué is carried up each side in tapering points, reaching almost to the waist, while the pointed bodice has a vest and shoulder capes of the same embroidered velvet. The bodice is also trimmed with a deep berthe of priceless old lace, caught at the top with a band of green velvet, forming rosettes at each side, the short, puffed sleeves of the moiré being quite plain.

As for all the other trousseau gowns, it is hopeless to think of describing a tenth part of them, but I cannot resist mentioning a few of the most strikingly beautiful. One lovely dress of the palest pink and blue shot glacé, with a moiré design brocaded with small single chrysanthemums in black, has the skirt frill bordered with a tiny appliqué of fine black lace, the shoulder capes being trimmed in the same way, and falling over four narrow lace-edged frills, which form the top part of the sleeves. Another gown, of taffeta chiné silk, has one of those lovely blurred designs of roses and leaves in delicate pinks and

and the collar, of velvet and lace, is finished with a fichu drapery of lace intermixed with loops of ribbon velvet.

A pearl-grey dress, finely striped with red, green, brown, blue, and yellow, is trimmed with grey moiré and narrow lines of white lace, studded with jewelled cabochons, reproducing the colours of the stripes in a very quaint and original manner, a fringe of the jewelled lace hanging from the yoke. A charmingly simple gown of forget-me-not blue crepon with a tiny knotted stripe is made Princess fashion, the



SILVER MIRROR PRESENTED BY THE OFFICERS OF THE FIRST BATTALION WILTSHIRE REGIMENT.

bodice draped from right to left, and fastened on the hip with a bow of pale blue satin ribbon with long flowing ends. The collar is covered with lovely creamy-white lace, and fastens in front with a great bow of chiffon, continued into a fichu drapery, which is bordered with an appliqué of lace, the puffed elbow sleeves being caught up in the centre with a cascade of lace and bordered with a frill of lace-edged chiffon. Another blue gown has a bodice and skirt of accordion-pleated chiffon, the skirt bordered with a deep band of cream lace, the bodice, which has a waistband of blue satin ribbon, having the square corsage outlined with a deep frill of lace, falling nearly to the waist, and headed with a band of satin ribbon interspersed with rosettes.

The officers of the First Battalion of the Wiltshire Regiment (the Duke of Edinburgh's) presented Princess Victoria with an elegantly chased solid silver framed mirror of large size. It was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street.

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What a beautiful bourn for wearied folk were "The Land of Heart's Desire," of which Mr. W. B. Yeats has been telling the audiences at the Avenue Theatre, and, at last, the more sympathetic reading public, in a pretty edition of his fanciful play (Fisher Unwin)! It was May Eve, somewhere at the end of the eighteenth century. In a little cottage in the county of Sligo sat a young girl, Maire Bruin, reading a yellow manuscript which she had found in the thatch. She had just married Shawn Bruin, and she was an eyesore to her husband's mother, a hard old woman. She rose from her seat and strewed the doorway with primroses. Suddenly a little, queer old woman, cloaked in green, came to beg a porringer of milk, and soon after a little, queer old man in a green coat knocked to ask for a burning sod to light his pipe. And then there was heard a voice saying the beautiful words—

The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
And the lonely of heart is withered away,
While the fairies dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
"When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
The lonely of heart must wither away."

The owner of the voice, a little child, dressed in a green jacket, with a red cap, made its appearance in the house. It begged her to leave the dull cares of married life for the Land of Heart's Desire. The temptation is terrible for the unhappy girl, and the struggle ends in death, while the child vanishes singing her old song.



THE ROYAL BRIDE IN HER WEDDING DRESS.

greens, the skirt having for trimming a frill of butter-coloured lace, headed by a rouleau and bows of green velvet, the full bodice being drawn into a waistband of the velvet, covered with lace. There is a graceful drapery of lace over the shoulders, with loops of velvet underneath,



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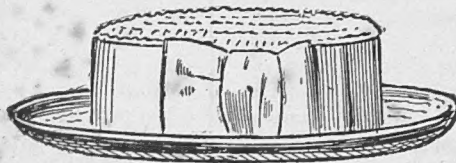
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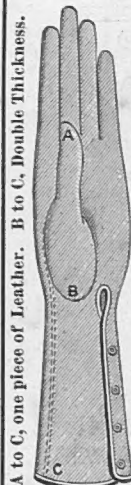
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 9, Rue de la Paix, PARIS. — BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, Judgement of 8th May 1875.

AN ORIENTAL LOVE STORY.

In the Western world, where young people fall in love, and have some choice in selecting the objects of their affections, the idea exists that in the East, where different manners and customs prevail, love, in its higher sense, can scarcely be supposed to exist. We read in books that matches are made by parents, in India children are married when they are mere babies, and a Mohammedan, if he can afford it, adds to the number of his wives as if they were merely horses or cattle. From this it is natural to suppose that, as a rule, such people can have no proper notion of the sanctity of the love that should spring up between young hearts and the devoted constancy that belongs to it. Whatever may be the general rule, the following short story, and it is not a new one, will show that at least some minds in the Eastern world were capable of conceiving the idea that true love ought not to be divided, and should be bestowed only on one object. There is another aspect of this love story that does not fit into our preconceived notions of the East—that is, in the supposition that women are always closely veiled, and shut up within *purdahs*, or curtains, so that no man's eye could rest upon them. This is, no doubt, the Oriental rule; but there are usually exceptions to rules, and we have ample evidence that in Persia, where this tale had its origin, the strict rules of the Koran were never followed. Whoever has read the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyám, or the writings of the other Sufi poets of Persia, will know how freely they all deal with the subject of "Wine and Women." With these writers a spiritual and mystical meaning was given to both. Or, if we go back to the Shah Namáh, we find a description of the courtship of Zal and Rudabeh, and also of the heroic Rústém and Tahmineh, the details of which do not agree in the least with what we know of the more modern Zenana system. This tale, as it is told in the East, is a very short one: A lady one day found a man following her, and she asked him why he did so. His reply was, "You are very beautiful, and I am in love with you." "Oh! you think me beautiful, do you? There is my sister over there; you will find her much more beautiful than I am. Go and make love to her." On hearing this the man went to see the sister, but found she was very ugly; so he came back in an angry mood, and asked the lady why she had told him a falsehood. She then answered, "Why did you tell me a falsehood?" The man was surprised at this accusation, and asked when he had done so. Her answer was, "You said you loved me. If that had been true, you would not have gone to make love to another woman." Little boys and girls will, no doubt, put the question, "What did the man say?" The story does not record that he made any reply; it only describes him as walking away, and feeling very much ashamed of himself.

W. S.

A VISIT TO THE COLNE VALLEY.

A supply of pure and perfectly wholesome drinking-water would undoubtedly prove to be an inestimable boon to the water consumer of London just now. In the great range of chalk hills around London, those lying to the north-west in particular, there has for ages been stored up an almost inexhaustible supply of the finest water in England. The exposed area of chalk is equal in its whole extent to between three and four thousand miles, the whole mass of which is pervaded throughout by exceedingly minute pores; these act as a natural filter-bed, and sift out all micro-organisms long before the process is completed. The rain descending upon the surface of the chalk slowly percolates to depths varying from one to five hundred or more feet. The average rainfall varies slightly, and is about twenty-four inches annually, nearly all of which is absorbed, filters downwards, and is ultimately stored up in subterranean lakes, or forces its way through fissures made in the chalk, and ultimately reaches the sea. The percolation, or filtration, is

materially promoted by the varying pressure of the atmosphere. When the barometer falls, air slowly makes its way out of the porous chalk and the interstices between the cracks and lines of fissure. When the barometer rises, the reverse takes place: the air forces its way back and displaces the water. This breathing of the hills, so to speak, with every change of barometrical pressure is of almost constant occurrence, and it is owing to this breathing process that deep well water attains to the mean temperature of the atmosphere at its source. No artificial means yet devised for the filtration of water approaches in perfection to that resorted to by Nature.

By boring through the chalk at a well-chosen spot a crystal stream



"There is my sister over there; you will find her much more beautiful than I am. Go and make love to her."

will, in most cases, gush forth. This has been again and again experimentally verified throughout a given area of the Colne Valley, Middlesex, and within fifteen or twenty miles of London. On pumping, a continuous flow of bright, sparkling water is obtained, scarcely ever varying in quality or chemical constituents. The question of a pure chalk water supply for London has within the last half-dozen years been revived and placed before water consumers by a resident gentleman of Middlesex. Mr. G. Webster, of Harefield Grove, the owner of property in the Colne Valley, found it necessary to look about him for a better supply of water for his extensive gardens and farms. By the advice of an engineer, Springwell was fixed upon for a first experimental boring. Here, on a pretty piece of meadow land, surrounded by hedgerows, sweet with hawthorn and elder, and echoing with the song of the thrush, he sunk a well to the depth of 300 ft.—a volume of water was struck off unrivalled purity. By continuous pumping, there has been no apparent abatement in quantity or quality. Mr. Webster has, however, continued to pursue the even tenour of his way, and has been induced to sink other wells at Rickmansworth, where his property extends nearly across the Colne Valley; and the fact arrived at, and placed beyond the range of speculation, is that from subterranean sources can now be pumped an inexhaustible supply of pure spring water, equal to at least ten million gallons every twenty-four hours. Even this enormous quantity, it is believed by experts, could be largely increased, and made a means of averting all danger to the health of those who can ensure a daily supply from such a source.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, April 21, 1894.

Another strong Bank return has shown the extraordinary proportion of over 63 per cent. of reserve to liabilities. The most noteworthy feature of the figures was the decrease of over half a million in "Other Securities," which means, of course, that the market has been repaying its loans. Trade is bad, accumulation of capital is going on, and, so far, very little revival of public confidence has taken place to find employment for the considerable accumulations which have been piled up. We only hope that the change, when it comes, will be gradual, or the result must be most disastrous.

Consols and such like securities have been well maintained, but the Colonial market has been lifeless and less animated. The demand for Home Rails, despite the very much improved traffics of the week, has fluctuated from day to day, but at no time has any important movement taken place. Dover A stock, by manipulation, has been pushed up a little, but you may take our word for it, dear Sir, when we assure you that the whole thing has been engineered. The heavy lines have shown some strength, in consequence of the traffic increases and the strong probability that we shall see no renewal of the trouble with the coal miners.

The International market has received rather a set-back through the rise of the Argentine gold premium; but to holders of South American stocks we say, with even more confidence than at any previous period, Hold on in the reasonable expectation of a general improvement, signs of which are seen on every hand. The bondholders in the Western Railway of Santa Fé have had a proposal made to them which they will do well to accept, and we look forward with considerable confidence to a general arrangement being made as to the railway guarantees. You know we have no love for European Government stocks, especially such stuff as Spanish, Greek, or even Italian bonds, and during the past week this class of security has shown a weak and drooping tendency.

The July coupon on Costa Rica bonds is now assured, and Uruguay 3½ per cent. stock has been firm. We fully expect that any buyer at present prices will be able to take his quarterly coupon and dispose of his purchase without loss next month. Buenos Ayres Waterworks bonds are still a good purchase, and you might do worse than realise your holding in the 1886 loan to reinvest the proceeds in this security.

Trunks have been in the dumps over the miserable report, which must cause alarm even to the debenture-holders, and contrasts strangely with the by no means glowing account rendered by the directors of the Canadian Pacific. If the Grand Trunk shareholders would seriously take the matter up and make a clean sweep of the Tyler-Hamilton group, by whom they have been so long over-ridden, there might be some chance of improvement, but until things drift into a receivership we suppose nothing will be done. The working expenses of the Grand Trunk (72·27 per cent.) are a standing disgrace to railway administration, and even more to the intelligence of the shareholders, who are too supine to make at least one strong effort for reform. When we remember, dear Sir, the attempt you made last year to oust the present "gang," and the feeble way your fellow-shareholders responded to your appeal, we cannot say we have much sympathy with people who cannot or will not help themselves.

The Tariff question still hangs fire in the United States Senate, but we believe that outside pressure is getting stronger every day, and that even the most hardened Senators will be forced to give way to public opinion at no distant date. The market for Yankee Rails has been very quiet and in some cases depressed during the week. We still think Atchison bonds are good buying, and the strong committee which has been formed in Boston and New York promises well for a speedy pushing through of a reorganisation scheme. The bondholders' committee in London are appealing to holders to deposit A and B bonds with Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co., and you would do well to induce your friends to fall into line. Erie shares will probably benefit by the visit of Mr. Pierpont Morgan to this country. We see no reason to modify one word that we wrote last week on the Yankee position, or any necessity to repeat the story.

South African mines have shown depression, but dealings in land shares continue on a considerable scale. Among the mines, we fully expect a considerable improvement in New Primrose as soon as the sixty additional stamps get to work, and Glencairns—which, by-the-bye, are very old favourites of ours—are cheap, considering the steady returns. Buffelsdoorn shares should be worth more than the present price, when you remember that the mine is now yielding over 3000 ounces a month, and may fairly expect to add 2000 more to its returns as soon as the additional stamps come into play.

The De Beers debenture convention is pretty sure to go through, and the shares have been actively dealt in, although on balance the price has drooped. If it were not for the doubt about the reality of the market for the company's product, the market value of the shares would be far higher than it is. Telegram after telegram is sent over about the gold finds in Matabeleland, but somehow the world is very unbelieving, and supporting the market for Chartered shares must have proved a very expensive amusement for Mr. Rhodes and his friends; nor does the talk about railway extension seem to make the public buyers of Oceana or Bechuanaland shares. For gambling purposes this sort of company may be an excellent thing, but if poor people want to live on dividends honestly earned we advise them to leave the whole lot alone.

The Indian Mining market has shown a fair number of bargains, and Mr. Malcolm Low had a very easy task as chairman at the meeting of the Oooregum Company. Over 75,000 ounces of gold is a splendid return for any mine in a year, and the prospects of the property are very bright. Miscellaneous mines have been largely dealt in, especially Aladdins, Brilliant Blocks, Tolima, and Broken Hills. We hear that numerous Coolgardie ventures are preparing for issue; but you will do well, dear Sir, to restrain your speculative instincts and scan very closely the prospectuses when they reach you.

The market for Industrial Companies of the better sort has again been fairly active, and especial animation has been evident in the Brewery corner, where various opinions are freely expressed as to the effect of the proposed increase in the beer duty upon the profits of the larger concerns. Do not forget that, whatever loss the increased taxation may entail, it will all fall on the ordinary stock in the same way as increased wages or dearer materials have hitherto done.

The meetings of the Industrial and General Trust on Wednesday and Friday next week will probably be exciting affairs, and at last Mr. Frederick Walker has been induced to solicit proxies and join in the struggle. The well-known fact that he is not trying to grind any axe of his own, and may be trusted to use the support he gets for the general interest, is sure to secure him your proxy, and, we trust, those of your friends. There has been too much personal self-seeking in this unfortunate concern for shareholders to trust either the Collinson Committee, who have nominated themselves for seats on the board, or the directors, who are wisely not seeking re-election.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE TRAMWAY MOTOR COMPANY, LIMITED.—It would be like breaking a fly on a wheel to criticise this concern. There is an old saying that "a fool and his money are soon parted," and we suppose there must be some truth in the ancient adage, or this prospectus would never have seen the light. We advise our readers to put the application forms in the waste-paper basket.

THE NEW YORK AND PUTNAM RAILROAD COMPANY are offering 4 per cent. mortgage bonds, guaranteed by the New York Central Company. For people who want a gilt-edged American Railroad bond, there never was a sounder or more genuine security; but at the issue price the return is only about £3 18s. 6d. per cent.

SPRATT'S PATENT, LIMITED.—This company is offering £83,000 of 4 per cent. debentures at par. If the public responds, we shall be surprised, for, although the business may be progressive, the dividends have certainly, so far, been in the inverse ratio to the expansion of the trade, and although there is a great deal about the new factory at Poplar, it is not even suggested that the money is required to purchase it; while as for the shares in the Russian and American baby companies, we suppose no value is put upon them, because even their unnatural parent has discovered the paper on which the certificates are printed is the most valuable part of them. Let these debentures severely alone; it were far better to hoard your money in a stocking than waste it on such an investment.

PLYMOUTH CORPORATION THREE PER CENT. STOCK.—This is, of course, as safe as anything can well be.

HERNU, PERON, AND CO., LIMITED.—Leave this alone.

CRAVENS, LIMITED.—The trustees of the will of the late Mr. John Craven are offering his shares by public tender. We believe it is a sound concern, and the A shares should be an industrial risk from which any person might reasonably expect to get 5 per cent. Probably, Sheffield will absorb the whole issue, and before making a tender it would be well to make inquiries through your bankers' agents in that town.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IRISH.—We do not think well of any of these tyre companies, the shares in most of which are quite unsaleable; but we know very little of the particular company you name. The dairy shares are a fair industrial risk, and the concern is perfectly honest, and said to be well managed. The future of Broken Hill Proprietary shares depends on the price of silver, and you are as well able to judge whether silver is likely to rise or fall in value as we are. We confess we do not care to speculate for the rise. A. and S. Henry ordinary shares are a good industrial risk, and the concern stands well.

GAMBLER.—We know very little about the mining shares you mention, and what little we do know is not favourable. Send us the address of the company, and we will inquire further. The brokerage should be sixpence a share.

P. A. G.—No mining shares are "a safe investment." The future of the Elkhorn mine depends on the value of silver, but the company stands well.

CORONA.—These shares are a pure gamble, and are about twelve shillings each. It is a fact that matters have improved under the new management; but you must remember that the concern is by no means established on a sound basis. If you have a few pounds to speculate, you will probably have a fair run for your money, and may make a fine profit.

YANKEE.—Yes; we consider United States Brewing Company debentures a good 6 per cent. investment, but the market is very limited. The company is doing well.

A. P. Y.—Hold your Milwaukeees. The revenue return is far better than was expected.

E. S.—You will get your dividends on Industrial Trust debentures, and the security is safe enough. Never mind the squabbles of the shareholders.

STAR.—The people you mention are outside "bucket-shop" keepers of the worst kind. Have nothing to do with them. If you write to us privately, we can put you in the way of getting your money back.

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